

The Spanish Tragedie:

OR,

Hieronimo is mad againe.

Containing the lamentable end of *Don Horatio*, and
Belimperia; with the pittifull death of *Hieronimo*.

Newly corrected, amended, and enlarged with new
Additions of the *Painters* part, and others, as
it hath of late been diuers times acted.



LONDON,

Printed by W. White, for I. White and T. Langley,
and are to be sold at their Shop over against the
Sarazens head without New-gate. 1615.

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ACTVS PRIMVS

Enter the Ghost of Andree, and with him Renegge.



Here this small substance of my Soule
 Did live imprisoned in my wonted flesh
 Each in their function serving others need
 I was a *Captaine* in the *Spanish* Court
 My name was *Don Andree* my descent
 Though not ignoble yet in *our* *farre*
 To gracious Fortunes of my tender youth
 For there in prime and pride of all my yeares
 By dutious Service and deserving Loue
 In secret, I possess a worthy Dame
 Which hight sweet *Andree* by name
 But in the Haruest of my Sommer ioyes
 Deaths Winter nipt the blossomes of my Blisse
 Forcing disoree betwixt my Loue and mee
 For in the late Conflict with *Portingals*
 My Valour drew me into Dangers mortall
 Till life to death, made passage through my Wounds
 When I was flaine, my Soule descended straight
 To passe the flowing streame of *Acheron*
 But churlish *Charon* onely Boatman there
 Said, that my rites of Buriall not performde
 I might not sit amongst his Passengers
 Ere *Sol* had slept three nights in *Thetis* lappe
 And slackt his smacking Chariot in her floud
 By *Don Horatio* our Knight-Marshalles sonne
 My Funerals and Obsequies were done
 Then was the Ferry-man of Hell content
 To passe mee ouer to the slimie Strond
 That leades to fell *Aernus* ougly waues
 There pleasing *Cerberus* with homed speech

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I past the Perils of the farthest Part;
Not far from hence, and oft I heard and saw
Satyr, *Wanderers*, *Enchanted*, and *Rhodomonts*:

To whom no sooner can I make approach,
To craue a Passport for my wandering Ghost.

But *Minos* in grauen leaues of Lotterie,
Drew forth the manner of my life and death.

This Knight (quoth he) both liue and died in loue,
And for his loue, tried fortune of the waies.

And by Warres fortune, lost both loue and life.

Why then (said *Enchanted*) condey him hence,

To walke with Louers in our Fields of Loue,

And spend the course of everlasting time,

Vnder greene Mirtle trees and Cypers Shades.

No, no, (sayd *Rhodomont*) it were not well,

With louing soules, to place a Martialist,

Hee died in Warre, and must to Marshall fildes:

Where wounded *Hector* liues in lasting paine,

And *Achilles* Mermedons to seoue the plains.

Then *Minos*, mildest censoret of the three,

Made this deuce, to end the difference:

Send him (quoth hee) to our infernall King,

To doome him as best seemes his Maestie.

To this effect, my Passport straight was drawne,

In keeping on my way to *Pluto's* Court,

Trough dreadful shapcs of euer blooming night,

I saw more fights then thousand Tongues can tell,

Or Pennes can write, or mortal Hearts can thinke.

Three wayes there were, that on the right hand side,

Was ready way vnto the foresaid Field,

Where Louers liue, and bloody Marshall fildes:

But either sort containde within his bounds.

The lefthand Path, declyning fearefully,

Was readie downefall to the deepest Hell,

Where bloody Furies shakes their Whippes of Steele,

And poore *Ixion* turnes an endlesse Wheele:

Where Vsurers are choakt with melting Gold,

And Wantons are imbracit with ougly Snakes,

And

And Murderers greene with euer-killing Wounds,
 And periurd wights scalded in boyling Lead,
 And all foule sinnes with torments ouer which
 Twixt these two wayes, I trode the middle path,
 Which brought me to the faire *Silicia Greene*,
 In midst whereof, there standes a stately Tower,
 The Waller of Brasse, the Gates of Adamant,
 Heere finding *Pluto* with his *Proserpine*,
 I shewed my Passport humbled on my knee,
 Whereat faire *Proserpine* began to smile,
 I begd that onely, shee might giue my doome:
Pluto was pleas'd, and seald it with a kisse,
 Foorth-with *Reuenge* shee rounded thee in th' care,
 And bade thee lead mee through the Gates of Horror,
 Where Dreames haue passage in the silent night,
 No sooner had shee spoke, but wee were heere,
 (I wot not how) in twinkling of an eye,

Then know *Andres*, that thou art arriued
 Where thou shalt see the author of thy death:
Don Baltazar the Prince of *Portingale*,
 Depriu'd of life by *Belimperia*,
 Heere sit we downe to see the misterie,
 And serue for *Chorus* in this Tragedie!

Enter *Spanish King*, *Generall*, *Castile*, and *Hieronymus*.

King. Now say, Lord Generall, how fares our Camp?

Gen. All well (my soueraigne Liege) except some few,

That are deceast by fortune on the Waite.

King. But what portends thy chearefull countenance,
 And poasting to our presence thus in haste?

Speake man, hath Fortune giuen vs victory?

Gen. Victorie (my Liege) and that with little losse.

King. Our *Portingales* will pay vs Tribute then?

Gen. Tribute, and wonted Homage therewithall.

Gen. Then blest the Heauen, and guider of the Heauens,
 From whose faire influence, such iustice flowes.

Cast. O multum dilecto Deo, sibi militatibus,

Et conuulsis armis populi regibus.

Succumb not: recti ferociss viatorum
 King. Thanks to my loving Brother of *Castile*,
 But *Generall*, unfold in briefe Discourse
 Your forme of Battail, and your Warres successe,
 That adding all the pleasure of thy newes
 Vnto the height of former happinesse
 With deeper wage, and greater dignitie,
 We may reward thy blisfull Chivalrie.
Gen. Where *Spain* and *Portugale* doe ioyntly knitt
 Their Frontiers, leaning on each others Bound:
 There mette our Armies in their proude array:
 Both furnisht well, both full of hope and feare:
 Both menacing a like with daring Showes,
 Both vaunting sundry Colours of denice,
 Both chearely sounding Trumpets, Drummies, and Fises:
 Both rayfing dreadfull Glamors to the Skie,
 That Vallies, Hilles, and Riuers made rebound,
 And Heauen it selfe was frighted with the sound.
 Our Battailes both were pitcht in quadron forme,
 Each corner strongly fenc'd with winges of Shot:
 But ere we ioynd and came to push of Pike,
 I brought a Squadron of our readiest Shot
 From out our Reareward, to begin the fight,
 They brought another Wing to encounter vs:
 Meane while, our Ordinaunce played on either side,
 And Captaines stroue to haue their valours tride:
Don Pedro their chiefe Horsemens Coronell,
 Did with his Coronet brauely make attempt,
 To breake the Order of our Battail ranks:
 But *Don Rogero*, worthy man of Warre,
 Marcht forth against him with our Muskatires,
 And stops the malice of his fell approach,
 While they maintaine hot skirmish too and fro:
 Both Battailes ioyne, and fall to handy blowes:
 Their violent Shot resembling th' *Oceans* rage,
 When roaring loude, and with a swelling tyde,
 It beates vpon the rampires of huge Rockes,
 And gapes to swallow neighbour bounding Lands:

Now while *Bellona* rageth heere and there,
Thicke stormes of Bullets ran like Winters Haile,
And shiuered Launces, dark'd the troubled Ayre.
Pede Pes, & cuspide cuspis,
Anni sonant annis, vir petiturque viris
On euery side drop Captaines to the ground,
And Souldiers lie mainde, some slaine outright:
Heere falles a Body fundered from his Head,
There Legs & Armes lie bleeding on the grasse,
Mingled with Weapons, and vnbowd Steedes,
That scattering, ouer-spread the purple Plaine.
In all this turmoyle three long houres and more,
The Victorie to neither part inclinde,
Till *Dou Andrea* with his braue Launciers,
In this maine Battaille made so great a breach,
That halfe dismayde, the multitude retirde:
But *Balthazar* the *Portingales* young Prince,
Brought rescue, and encouragde them to stay.
Heere-hence the fight was eagerly renewd,
And in that conflict was *Andrea* slaine:
Braue man at Armes; but weake to *Balthazar*:
Yet while the Prince insulting ouer him,
Breath'd out proud vaunts sounding to our reproch,
Friendship and hardie valour ioynd in one,
Prickt foorth *Horatio* our Knight-marshals Sonne,
To challenge foorth that Prince to single fight:
Not long betwene these twaine the fight indurde,
But straight the Prince was beaten from his Horse,
And forc'd to yeeld him prisoner to his Foe.
When he was taken, all the rest they fled,
And our Carbines pursu'd them to death,
Till *Probus*, wauing to the Westerne deepe,
Our Trumpeters were chargde to sound retreat.

King. Thankes good *L. Generall*, for these good newes,
And for some argument of more to come,
Take this, and weare it for thy Soueraignes sake.

Gives him his Chaine,
A 4 But

But tell me now, Hast thou confirm'd a peace?
Gen. No Peace (my Liege) but Peace conditional
That if with homage Tribute may be payde,
The furie of our forces will be stayde
And to that Peace, their *Kings* hath subscribed

King. And made a solemne Vow, that during life
This Tribute shall be truly payde to *Spain*

King. These words, these deedes, become thy person well
But now Knight Marshall, frolicke with the King,
For tis thy Sonne that winnes that Battels prize

Hiero. Long may he liue to serue my Soueraigne King
And soone decay, vnlesse he serue my Liege

King. Nor thou, nor hee, shall die without reward
What meanes this warning of the Trumpet sound?

Gen. This tels me, that your Graces men of Warre
Such as Warres fortune hath reserv'd from death,
Come marching on towards your royall Seat,

To shew themselves before your Maiestie
For so I gaue them charge as my departing;
Whereby by demonstration shall appeare
That all, except three hundred or few more,
Are safe return'd, and by their faces might

The Armies meet, But the King's army is victorious
King. A glad some sight, I long to see them heere

Was that the warlike Prince of Portugal
That by our Nephew was in triumph led

Gen. It was (my Liege) the Prince of Portugal
King. But what was hee that on the other side
Held him by th' arme, as partner of the Prize?

Hiero. That was my Sonne (my gracions Soueraigne)
Of whom, though from his tender infancy,
My louing thoughts did neuer hope but well
Hee neuer pleas'd his Fathers eyes till now,
Nor fill'd my heart with ouer-cloying loyes.

King.

King. Goe, let them march once more about these Walles.
That staying them, we may conferre and talke
With our braue Prisoner, and his double Guard.

Hieronimo, it greatly pleaseth vs,
That in our Victorie thou haue a share,
By vertue of thy worthy Sonnes exploit.

Bring hither the young Prince of *Portingale*,
The rest march on: But ere they be dismiss'd,
Wee will bestow on euery Souldier two Duckets,

And on euery Leader ten; that they may know
Our Larges welcoms them.

Welcome *Don Balthazar*, Welcome Nephew:
And thou *Horatio*, thou art welcome too:

Young Prince, although thy Fathers hard misdeeds,
In keeping backe the Tribute that he owes,
Deserue but euill measure at our hands,

Yet shalt thou know, that *Spaine* is honourable.
Balt. The trespassse that my Father made in Peace,
Is now contrould by fortune of the Warres:

And Cards once dealt, it bootes not aske why lost:
His Men are slaine; a weakning to the Realme:
His Cullours ceazd; a blot vnto his name:

His Sonne distrest, a corse to his heart:
These punishments may cleare his late offence.

King. I *Balthazar*, if he obserues this Truce,
Our Peace will grow the stronger for these Warres:

Meane while, liue thou as though not in libertie,
Yet from bearing any seruile yoake:

For in our hearing, thy deserts were great,
And in our sight, thy selfe art gracious.

Balt. And I shall studie to deserue this grace.

King. But tell mee, (for their holding makes me doubt)
To which of these twaine, art thou Prisoner?

Lore. To mee, my Liege.

Hora. To mee my Soueraigne.

Lore. This hand first tooke the Courser by the Reins.

Hora. But first my Launce did put him from his Horse.

Lore. I ceaz'd his Weapon, and enioyd it first.

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Hora. But first I forc'd him lay his Weapons downe.
King. Let go his arme vpon our Priuiledge. *Let him go.*
So, worthy Prince, to whither didst thou yeeld?

Bal. To him, in cartesie: to this, perforce:
Hee spakeme faire; this other gaue me stroakes;
Hee promise life; this other threatned death:
Hee wan my loue, this other conquered mee:
And truth to say, I yeeld my selfe to both.

Hiro. But that I know your Grace for iust and wise,
And might seeme partiall in this difference,
Infort by Nature, and by Law of Armes,
My tongue should plead for young *Horatio* right.
Hee hunted well, that was a Lions death,
Not hee that in a garment wore his skinner;
So Hares may pull dead Lions by the Beard.

King. Content thee Marshall, thou shalt haue no wrong;
And for thy sake, thy Sonne shall want no right.
Will both abide the censure of my doome?

Lor. I craue no better then your Grace awardest.

Hor. Nor I, although I sit beside my right.

King. Then by my Iudgement, thus your strife shall end;
You both deserue, and both shall haue reward.
Nephew, thou tookst his Weapons and his Horse;
His Weapons and his Horse, are thy reward.
Horatio, thou didst force him first to yeeld;
His Ransome therefore is thy valours fee:
Appoynt the summe, as you shall both agree,
But Nephew, thou shalt haue the Prince in guard,
For thine estate best fitteth such a guest.

Horatioes House were small for all his traine;
Yet in regard thy substance passeth his,
And that iust guerdon may befall desert,
To him we yeeld the Armour of the Prince.
How likes *Don Balthazar* of this deuice?

Bal. Right well (my Liege) if this promise were,
That *Don Horatio* beare vs companie;
Whom I admire and loue for Chinalric,

King. *Horatio*, leaue him not, that loues thee so.

Now

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Now let vs hence to see our Souldiers payde,
And feast our Prisoner as our friendly guest.

Enter Viceroy, Alexandro, Villapio.

Vice. Is our Embassadour dispatcht for Spaine?

Alex. Two dayes (my Liege) are past since his depart.

Vice. And tribute payment gone along with him?

Alex. I my good Lord.

Vice. Then rest we heere awhile in our vntrest,

And feed our sorrowes with some inward sighes;

For deepest cares breake neuer into teares.

But wherefore sit I in Regall throne,

This better fits a wretches endles moane?

Yet this is higher then my fortunes reach,

And therfore better then my state deserues.

I, I, this Earth, Image of Melancholy,

Seekes him whom Fates adiudged to miserie;

Heere let mee lie; now am I at the lowest.

Qui iacet in terra, non habet unde cadat;

In me consumpsit vires fortuna nocendo:

Nil superest vt iam possit obesse magis.

Yes, Fortune may bereaue mee of my Crowne;

Heere take it now, let Fortune doe her worst;

She will not robbe mee of this sable weede:

O no, shee enuies none but pleasant things;

Such is the follie of dispightfull chaunce.

Fortune is blind, and sees not my desertes;

So is she deafe, and heares not my laments:

And could she heare, yet is she wilfull mad:

And therefore will not pittie my distresse.

Suppose that she could pittie mee, What then?

What helpe can be expected at her hands,

Whose foote standing on a rawling stone,

And Minde more mutable then fickle Windes?

Why waile I then where's hope of no redresse?

O yes! complayning, makes my grieve seeme lesse.

My late Ambition hath distaind my Fayth:

My breach of Fayth, occasion'd bloodie Warres,

Those bloodie Warres, haue spent my Treasure,

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And with my Treasure, my peoples Blood :
And with their Blood, my Ioy and best Beloued;
My best Beloued, my sweete and onely Sonne.
O wherefore went I not to Warre my selfe?
The cause was mine, I might haue died for both :
My yeares were mellow, his but young and Greene:
My death were naturall, but his was forced:

Alex. No doubt (my Liege) but still the Prince suruiues.

Vice. Suruiues, I but where?

Alex. In Spaine a Prisoner, by mischaunce of Warre.

Vice. Then they haue slaine him for his Fathers fault.

Alex. That were a breach to common Law of Armes.

Vice. They reake no Lawes, that meditate reuenge.

Alex. His ransoms worth, will stay from foule reuenge.

Vice. No, if he liued, the newes would soone be heere.

Alex. Nay, euill newes will flie faster still then good.

Vice. Tell mee no more of newes, for hee is dead.

Villup. My Soueraigne, pardon the Author of ill newes,
And Ile bewray the fortune of thy Sonne.

Vice. Speake on, Ile guerdon thee what ere it be;
Mine care is ready to receiue ill newes:

Mine heart growne hard gainst mischiefes batterie:

Stand vp I say, and tell thy tale at large.

Vil. Then heare the truth, which these mine eyes haue seene
When both the Armies were in Battaile ioyn'd,

Don Balthazar amidst the thickest troupes,

To winne Renowne, did wondrous seates of Armes:

Amongst the rest, I saw him hand to hand,

In single fight with their Lord Generall,

Till *Alexandro*, (that heere counterfeites

Vnder the colour of a dutious friend)

Discharg'd his Pistoll at the Princes backe,

As though he would haue slaine their Generall:

But therewithall, *Don Balthazar* fell downe:

And when he fell, then wee began to flie:

But had he liu'd, the day had sure been ours.

Alex. O wicked forgerie: O trayterous miscreant.

Vice. Hold thou thy peace: But now *Villuppo* say,

Where

Where then became the Carcasse of my Sonne?

Villup. I saw them dragge it to the *Spanish* Tents.

Vice. I, I, my nightly Dreames haue told mee this.

Thou false, vnkind, vnthankfull, trayterous beast,

Wherein had *Balthazar* offended thee,

That thou shouldst thus betray him to our foes?

Was't *Spanish* Gold that bleared so thine eyes,

That thou couldst see no part of our deserts?

Perchaunce because thou art *Terseraes* Lord,

Thou hadst some hope to weare this Diademe,

If first my Sonne, and then my selfe, were slaine:

But thy ambitious thought shall breake thy necke.

I, this was it that made thee spill his Blood.

He takes the Crowne, and put's it on againe.

But now Ile weare it till thy blood be spilt.

Alex. Vouchsafe (dread Soueraigne) to heare me speake.

Vice. Away with him, his sight is second Hell,

Keepe him till wee determine of his death.

If *Balthazar* be dead, hee shall not line.

Villuppo, follow vs for thy reward.

Villup. Thus haue I with an enuious forged tale,

Deceiued the King, betrayed mine enemie,

And hope for guerdon of my villanie. *Exit.*

Enter Horatio and Belimperia.

Bel. Signior *Horatio*, this is the place, and hower,

Wherein I must intreat thee to relate

The circumstance of *Don Andrews* death:

Who liuing, was my Garlands sweetest Flower,

And in his death, hath buried my delights.

Hor. For loue of him, and seruice to your selfe,

Ile not refuse this heauie dolefull charge:

Yet teares and fighes, (I feare) will hinder mee,

When both our Armies were enioynd in fight,

Your worthie Chaulire amidst the thickest,

For glorious cause, still ayiming at the fairest,

Was at the last, by young *Don Balthazar*,

Encountred hand to hand: their fight was long,

Their hearts were great, their clamours menacing,

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Their strength alike, their strokes both dangerous
 But wrathfull *Nemesis*, that wicked power,
 Enuying at *Andreas* prayse and worth,
 Cut short his life, to end his prayse and worth;
 Shee, shee, her selfe, disguilde in Armour's maske,
 (as *Pallas* was before proud *Pergamus*)
 Brought in fresh supply of Halberdiers,
 Which pauncht his Horse, and dinged him to the ground:
 Then young *Don Balhazar* with ruthlesse rage,
 Taking aduantage of his Foes distresse,
 Did finish what his Halberdiers begun,
 And left not till *Andreas* life was done.
 Then, (though too late) incenst with iust remorse,
 I with my Band, set forth against the Prince,
 And brought him prisoner from his Halberdiers.

Bel. Would thou hadst slaine him, that slue my Louer:
 But then, was *Don Andreas* Carcasse lost?

Hor. No, that was it for which I chiefly stroue,
 Nor slept I backe, till I recovered him:
 I tooke him vp, and wound him in my armes,
 And welding him ynto my priuate Tent,
 There laide him downe, and deawd him with my teares,
 And sighed and sorrowed as became a friend:
 But neither friendly sorrowes, sighes, nor teares,
 Could win pale Death from his vsurped right.
 Yet this I did, and lesse I could not doe,
 I saw him honoured with due Funerall:
 This Scarfe pluckt off from his liuelesse arme,
 And weare it in remembrance of my Friend!

Bel. I know the Scarfe; would he had kept it still,
 For had he liued, he would haue kept it still,
 And worne it for his *Belimperias* sake;
 For twas my Fauiour at his last depart:
 But now weare it both for him and mee,
 For after him, thou hast deserued it best:
 But for thy kindnesse in his life and death,
 Be sure while *Belimperias* life endures,
 She will be *Don Horatio's* thankfull friend,

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Hor. And (Madame) *Don Horatio* will not slacke,
Humbly to serue faire *Belimperia*.

But now if your good liking stand thereto,
Ile craue your Pardon to goe seeke the Prince,
For so the Duke your Father gaue me charge.

Bel. I, goe *Horatio*, leaue mee heere alone,
For solitude best fits my chearelesse mood:
Yet what auayles to wayle *Andreas* death,
From whence *Horatio* proues my second Loue?
Had he not loued *Andreas* as he did,
He could not sit in *Belimperiaes* thoughts.

But how can Loue find harbour in my breast,
Till I reuenge the death of my beloued?
Yes, second Loue shall further my reuenge;
Ile loue *Horatio* my *Andreas* friend
The more, to spight the Prince that wrought his end.
And where *Don Balthazar*, that slew my Loue,
Himselfe now pleades for fauour at my hands,
He shall in rigour of my iust disdain,
Reape long repentance of his murderous deede:
For what wast else, but murderous cowardise,
So many to oppresse one valiant Knight,
Without respect of Honour in the fight?
And heere he comes that murdered my delight.

Enter Lorenzo and Balthazar.

Lor. Sister, What meanes this melancholy walke?

Bel. That for a while I wish no companie.

Lor. But heere the Prince is come to visit you.

Bel. That argues that he liues at libertie.

Bal. No, Madame, but in pleasing seruitude.

Bel. Your Prison then (belike) is your Conceite.

Bal. I, by Conceite my freedome is enthalde.

Bel. Then with Conceite, enlarge your selfe againe.

Bal. What if Conceite haue laide my Heart to gage?

Bel. Pay that you borrowed, and recover it.

Bal. I die if it returne from whence it lies.

Bel. A heartlesse man, and liues? a miracle.

Bal. I lady, Loue can worke such miracles.

Lor.

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Lor. Tush, tush my Lord, let goe these ambages,
And in plaine tearmes, acquaint her with your loue.

Bel. What bootes complaint, when there's no remedie.

Bal. Yes to your gracious selfe must I complaine,
In whose faire answer, lies my remedie:

On whose perfection, all my thoughts attend,
On whose aspect, mine eyes find beauties bower:
In whose translucent breastes, my heart is lodged.

Bel. Alasse (my Lord) these are but words of course,
And but deuil'd to driue me from this place.

*She going in, lets fall her Gloue, which Horatio
comming out, takes vp.*

Hor. Madame, your Gloue.

Bel. Thankes good *Horatio*, take it for thy paines.

Bal. Signior *Horatio* stoop'd in happy time.

Hor. I reap'd more grace then I deseru'd, or hop'd,

Lor. My Lord, be not dismayde for what is past,
You know that Women oft are humerous:
These Cloudes will ouer-blow with little Winde;
Let mee alone, Ile scatter them my selfe:
Meane while, let vs deuise to spend the time
In some delight-some sports and reuelling.

Hor. The King (my Lord) is comming hither straight,
To feast the *Portingale* Embassadour:
Things were in readinesse before I came.

Bal. Then heere it fittes vs to attend the King,
To welcome hither our Embassadour,
And learne my Father and my Countries health.

Enter the Banquet, Trumpets, the King, and Embassadour.

King. See Lord Embassadour, how *Spaine* intreats
Their Prisoner *Balthazar*, thy Viceroyes sonne:
Wee pleasure more in kindnesse, then in Warres.

Embass. Sad is our King, and *Portingale* laments,
Supposing that *Don Balthazar* is slaine.

Bal. So am I slaine by Beauties tyrannie:
You see (my Lord) how *Balthazar* is slaine:
I frolike with the Duke of *Castiles* Sonne,
Wrapt euery houre in pleasures of the Court,

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And grac'd with fauours of his Maiestie.

King. Put off your greetings till our Feast be done:
Now come and sit with vs, and taste our cheare:

Sit to the Banquet.

Sit downe young Prince, you are our second Guest:

Brother, sit downe; and Nephew take your place:

Signior *Horatio*, waite thou vpon our Cuppe,

For well thou hast deserued to be honoured.

Now Lordings, fall too; *Spaine* is *Portingale*,

And *Portingale* is *Spaine*; Wee both are friends:

Tribute is payde, and we enioy our right.

But where is old *Hieronimo* our Marshall?

He promised vs in honour of our Guest,

To grace our Banquet with some pompous lest.

Enter Hieronimo with a Drumme, three Knights, each his

Scutchin: then he fetches three Kings, they take

their Crownes and them captiues.

Hieronimo, this Maske contents mine eye

Although I found not well the mysterie.

Hiero. The first arm'd Knight, that hung his Scutchin vp,

He takes the Scutchin and giues it to the King.

Was English *Robert Earle of Glocester*,

Who when King *Stephen* bore sway in *Albion*,

Arriued with fife and twentie thousand men

In *Portingale*, and by successe of Warre,

Enforced the King (then but a *Sarasin*)

To beare the yoke of the English Monarchie.

King. My Lord of *Portingale*, by this you see,

That which may comfort both your King and you,

And make your late discomfort seeme the lesse.

But say *Hieronimo*, what was the next?

Hiero. The second Knight that hung his Scutchin vp,

He doth as he did before.

Was *Edmond Earle of Kent* in *Albion*,

When English *Richard* wore the Diadem:

He came likewise and razed *Isbon* Walles,

And tooke the King of *Portingale* in fight:

For which, and other such like service done,

The Spanish Tragedie.

Hee after, was created Duke of Yorke.

King. This is an other speciall argument,
That *Portingale* may daine to beare our yoake,
When it by little *England* hath been yoakt.
But now *Hieronimo*, what were the last?

Hiero. The third and last, not least in our account,
Doing as he did before.

Was (as the rest) a valiant *English*-man,
Braue *Iohn of Gaunt*, the Duke of *Lancaster*,
As by his Scutchin plainly may appeare:
Hee with a puissant Armie came to *Spaine*,
And tooke our King of *Castile* prisoner.

Embass. This is an argument for our Viceroy,
That *Spaine* may not insult for her successe,
Since *Englifo* Warriours likewise conquered *Spaine*,
And made them bow their knees to *Albion*.

King. *Hieronimo*, I drinke to thee for this device,
Which hath pleasd both the Embassadour and mee:
Pledge mee *Hieronimo*, if thou loue the King.

Takes the Cuppe of Haratie.

My Lord, I feare we sit but ouer long,
Ynlesse our Dainties were more delicate:
But welcome are you to the best we haue.
Now let vs in, that we may be dispatche,
I thinke our Counsell is already set.

Exeunt omnes.

Andrea.

Come we for this, from deapth of vnder ground,
To see him feast, that gaue me my deaths wound?
These pleasant sights, are sorrow to my soule,
Nothing but League, and Loue, and Banqueting?

Reuenge.

Be still *Andrea*, ere we goe from hence,
He turne their Friendship into fell Despight:
Their Loue, to mortall Hate; their Day, to Night:
Their Hope into Despaire, their Peace to Warre:
Their loyes to Paine, their blisse to Miserie.

Actus

ACTVS SECVNDVS.

Enter Lorenzo and Bal'azar.

Lorenzo.

MY Lord, though *Belimperia* seeme thus coy,

Let Reason hold you in your wonted ioy;

In time, the sauage Bull sustaines the Yoake:

In time, all haggard Hawkes will stoope to Lure:

In time, small Wedges cleaue the hardest Oake:

In time, the hardest Flint is pearst with softest Shower,

And shee in time, will fall from her disdain,

And rule the sufferance of your friendly paine.

Bal. No, she is wilder, and more hard withall,

Then Beast, or Bird, or Tree, or stonie Wall,

But wherefore blot I *Belimperia's* name?

It is my fault, not shee, that merites blame,

My Feature is not to content her sight:

My Words are rude, and worke her no delight:

The Lines I send her, are but harsh and ill,

Such as do drop from *Pan* and *Mars's* quill:

My Presents are not of sufficient cost,

And being worthlesse, all my labour's lost,

Yet might she loue me for my Valancie:

I, but that's slaundersed by Captiuitie.

Yet might she loue me, to content her Sire:

I, but her Reason maisters her Desire,

Yet might she loue me, as her Brothers Friends,

I, but her Hopes ayme at some other end,

Yet might she loue me, to upreare her State:

I, but perhaps she hopes some Nobler mate,

Yet might she loue me, as her Beauties thrall:

I, but I feare she can not loue at all.

Lor. My Lord, for my sake, leaue these extasies,

And doubt not but weele finde some remedie:

Some cause there is, that lets you not be loued:

First, that must needes be knowne, and then remoued.

What if my Sister loue some other Knight?

Bal. My Summers day, will turne to Winters night.

Lor. I haue alreadie found a stratageme,
To sound the bottome of this doubtfull theame.
My Lord, for once you shall be rul'd by mee,
Hinder me not what ere you heare or see:
By force, or faire meanes, will I cast about,
To find the truth of all this Question out.

Ho, Pedringano!

Pedr. Signior.

Enter Pedringano.

Lor. Vien que presto.

Pedr. Hath your Lordship any seruice to commaund mee?

Lor. I Pedringano, seruice of import.
And not to spend the time in trifling Words,
Thus stands the case. It is not long (thou knowest)
Since I did shield thee from my Fathers wrath,
For thy conueyance in *Andreas* loue:
For which, thou wert adiudged to punishment;
I stood betwixt thee and thy punishment:
And since, thou knowest how I haue fauoured thee:
Now to these fauours will I adde reward,
Not with faire Words, but store of golden Coyne,
And Lands and Liuinges, ioyn'd with Dignities,
If thou but satisfie my iust demand;
Tell truth, and haue mee for thy lasting friend.

Pedr. What ere it be, your Lordship shall demand,
My bounden ducie bids mee tell the truth,
If case in mee it lyes to tell the truth.

Lor. Then Pedringano, this is my demand,
Whom loues my Sister *Belimperia*,
For shee reposeth all her trust in thee:
Speake man, and game both friendship and reward:

I meane, Whom loues shee in *Andreas* place?

Ped. Alasse my Lord, since *Don Andreas* death,
I haue no credite with her as before:
And therefore know not if shee loue or no.

Lor. Nay if thou dally, then I am thy foe, *Draw the sword*
And feare shall force, what friendship cannot win:
Thy death shall burie what thy life conceales;

Thou

Thou diest for more esteeming her, then mee.

Ped. Oh, stay my Lord.

Lor. Yet speake the truth, and I will guardon thee,
And shield thee from what euer can ensue,
And will conceale what ere proceeds from thee:

But if thou dally once againe, thou diest.

Ped. If Madame *Belimperia* be in loue,

Lor. What villaine, ifs and ands?

Ped. Oh, stay my Lord! shee loues *Horatio*.

Balthazar starts backe.

Lor. What, *Don Horatio* our Knight-marshalls sonne?

Ped. Euen him, my Lord.

Lor. Now say, but how knowest thou that he is her loue,
And thou shalt find me kind and liberall:
Stand vp I say, and fearelesse tell the truth.

Ped. She sent him Letters, which my selfe perused,
Full fraught with lines and arguments of Loue,
Preferring him before Prince *Balthazar*.

Lor. Swear on this Crosse, that what thou sayest is true,
And that thou wilt conceale what thou hast told.

Ped. I swear to both, by him that made vs all.

Lor. In hope thine Oath is true, heere's thy reward:
But if I prooue thee periurde and vniust,
This very Sword whereon thou took'st thine Oath,
Shall be the worker of thy tragedie.

Ped. What I haue sayd, is true, and shall for mee
Be still conceald from *Belimperia*:
Besides, your Honors liberalitie,
Deserues my dutious seruice, euen till death.

Lor. Let this be all that thou shalt doe for me,
Be watchfull when, and where, these Louers meete,
And giue me norise, in some secret sort.

Ped. I will, my Lord.

Lor. Then shalt thou find that I am liberall:
Thou knowst that I can more aduance thy state,
Then shee; be therefore wise, and sayle me not:
Goe and attend her, as thy custome is,
Least absence make her thinke thou dost amisse.

Exit Ped.
Why

Why so? *Tam armis, quam ingenio*
Where Words preuaile not, Violence preuailes;
But Gold doth more then either of them both.
How likes Prince *Balthazar* this stratageme?

Bal. Both well, and ill: it makes me glad, and sad:
Glad, that I know the hinderer of my Loue;
Sad, that I feare she hates mee, whom I loue:
Glad, that I know on whom to be reuenged:
Sad, that sheele flie mee, if I take reuenge;
Yet must I take reuenge, or die my selfe,
For Loue resisted, growes impatient:
I thinke *Horatio* be my destin'd plague:
First, in his hand he brandished a Sword
And with that Sword, he fiercely waged Warre,
And in that Warre, he gaue me dangerous Wounds,
And by those Wounds, he forced me to yeeld:
And by my yeelding, I became his Slaue.
Now in his mouth, he carries pleasing Words,
Which pleasing Words, doe harbour sweete Conceits,
Which sweete Conceits, smoothe *Belimperias* Eares,
And through her Eares, diue downe into her Heart,
And in her Heart sets him, where I should stand:
Thus hath he tane my Body by his Force,
And now by Sleight, would captivate my Soule:
But in his fall Ile tempt the Destinies,
And either lose my life, or win my Loue.

Lor. Lets goe, (my Lord) your staying stayes Rengne:
Doe you but follow me, and gaine your Loue,
Her fauour must be won by his remoone.

Enter Horatio and Belimperias

Hor. Now Madame, since by fauour of your loue,
Our hidden smoake is turn'd to open flame:
And that with lookes and words we feed our thoughts,
Two chiefe contents, where more can not be had:
Thus in the midst of Loues faire blandishments,
Why shew you signe of inward languishments?

Pedringano shows all to the Prince and *Lor.*

placing them in secret: *scoldes*

The Spanish Tragedie.

Bel. My Heart (sweete Friend) is like a Ship at Sea,
She wisheth Port, where ryding all at ease,
She may repaire what stormie times haue worne:
And leaning on the Shoare, may sing with ioy,
That Pleasure follow Paine, and Blisse Annoy.
Possession of thy Loue, is the onely Port
Wherein my Heart with feares and hopes long tost,
Each houre doth wish and long to make resort,
Thereon repaire the ioyes that it hath lost:
And sitting safe, to sing in *Cupids* Quire,
That sweetest blisse, is crowne of Loues desire.

Balthazar and Loren alone.

Bal. O sleepe mine Eyes, see not my Loue prophand,
Be deafe mine Eares, heare not my Discontent:
Die Heart, another ioyes what thou deseruest.

Lor. Watch still mine Eyes, to see the Loue disioynd:
Heare still mine Eares, to heare them both lament:
Leaue Heart to ioy at fond *Horatios* fall.

Bel. Why stands *Horatio* speechlesse all this while.

Hor. The lesse I speake, the more I meditate.

Bel. But whereon chiefly dost thou meditate?

Hor. On Dangers past, and Pleasures to ensue.

Bal. On Pleasures past, and Dangers to ensue.

Bel. What Dangers, and what Pleasures dost thou meane?

Hor. Dangers of Warre, and Pleasures of our Loue.

Lor. Dangers of Death, but Pleasures none at all.

Bel. Let Dangers goe, thy Warre shall be with mee:
But such a Warring, as breakes no bond of Peace,
Speake thou faire Words, Ile crosse them with faire Words:
Send thou sweet Lookes, Ile meete them with sweet Lookes:
Write louing Lines, Ile answer louing Lines:
Giue me a Kisse, Ile counterchecke thy Kisse:
Be this our warring Peace, or peacefull Warre.

Hor. But gracious Madame, then appoynt the Field,
Where tryall of this Warre shall first be made.

Bal. Ambitious villaine, how his boldnes growes.

Bel. Then by thy Fathets pleasant Bower, the Field
Where first we vowde our mutuall amitie:

Why so? *Tam armis, quam ingenio*:
Where Words preuaile not, Violence preuailes;
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Where tryall of this Warre shall first be made.

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Bel. Then by thy Fathers pleasant Bower, the Field
Where first we vowde our mutuall amitie:

The Spanish Tragedie.

The Court were dangerous, that place is safe:
Our houre shall be, when *Vesper* gins to rise,
That summons home distressfull travellers:
There none shall heare vs, but the harmelesse Birds;
Happily the gentle Nightingale,
Shall carroll vs asleepe ere we be ware,
And singing with the Prickle at her brest,
Tell our delight, and mirthfull dalliance:
Till then, each houre will seeme a yeare and more.

Her. But Hony sweete, and honourable Loue,
Returne we now into your Fathers sight,
Dangerous suspicion waites on our delight.

Lar. I, danger mixt with ielous dispight,
Shall send thy soule into eternall night. *Exeunt.*

Enter King of Spaine, Portingale Embassador, Don Ciprian, &c.

King. Brother of Castile, to the Princes loue,
What sayes your Daughter *Belimperia*?

Cip. Although she coy it, as becomes her kind;
And yet dissemble that she loues the Prince:
I doubt not I, but she will stoope in time:
And were she froward, which she will not be,
Yet herein shall she follow my aduice,
Which is, to loue him, or forgoe my loue.

King. Then Lord Embassador of *Portingale*,
Aduise thy King to make this Marriage vp,
For strengthening of our late confirmed League:
I know no better meanes to make vs friends;
Her Dowrie shall be large and liberall:
Besides that, she is Daughter and halfe Heire
Vnto our Brother heere, *Don Ciprian*,
And shall enioy the moitie of his Land:
He grace her Marriage with an Vnckles gift.
And this it is, in case the match goe forward,
The Tribute which you pay, shall be releas'd:
And if by *Balthazar* she haue a Sonne,
Hee shall enioy the Kingdome after vs.

Embaf. He make the motion to our Soueraigne hege,
And worke it, if my counsaile may preuaile.

King.

King. Doe so (my Lord,) and if he giue consent,
I hope his presence heere, will honour vs,
In celebration of the Nuptiall day,
And let himselfe determine of the time.

Em. Wilt please your Grace to command me ought beside?

King. Commende mee to the King; and so fare-well.
But where's Prince *Balthazar*, to take his leaue?

Emba. That is performde already, my good Lord.

King. Amongst the rest of what you haue in charge,
The Princes Ransome must not be forgot:
Thar's none of mine, but his that tooke him prisoner,
And well his forwardnesse deserues reward:
It was *Horatio* our Knight-marshalls sonne.

Emb. Betweene vs, there's a price already pitcht,
And shall be sent with all conuenient speed.

King. Then once againe, fare-well, my Lord.

Emb. Fare-well my Lord of *Castile*, and the rest. *Exit.*

King. Now Brother, you must take some little paine,
To win faire *Belimperia* from her will:
Young Virgins must be ruled by their friends:
The Prince is amiable, and loues her well:
If she neglect him, and forgoe his loue,
She both will wrong her owne estate, and ours:
Therefore while I doe entertaine the Prince,
With greatest pleasures that our Court affoord,
Endeauour you to win your Daughters thought:
If shee giue backe, all this will come to nought. *Exeunt.*

Enter Horatio, Belimperia, and Pedringano.

Hora. Now that the night begins with sable winges
To ouer-cloud the brightnesse of the Sunne,
And that in darknesse pleasures may be done:
Come *Belimperia*, let vs to the Bower,
And there in safetie passe a pleasant hower.

Bel. I follow thee my Loue, and will not backe,
Although my fainting heart controules my soule.

Hora. Why, make you doubt of *Pedringano*s fayth?

Bel. No, he is as trustie as my second selfe.

Go *Pedringano*, watch without the Gate,

And let vs know if any make reproch.

Ped. In stead of watching, Ile deserue more Gold,
By fetching *Don Lorenzo* to this match.

Exit Ped.

Hor. What meanes my Loue?

Bel. I know not what my selfe:

And yet my Heart foretels me some mischaunce.

Hor. Sweete, say not so: faire Fortune is our friend,
And Heauens haue shut vp day, to pleasure vs:
The Starres (thou seest) hold backe their twinckling shine,
And *Luna* hides her selfe, to pleasure vs.

Bel. Thou hast preuailde, Ile conquer my misdoubt,
And in thy loue and counsell, drowne my feare:
I feare no more, Loue now is all my thoughts.
Why sit we not, for pleasure asketh ease.

Hor. The more thou sittest within these leaue Bowers,
The more will *Flora* decke it with her Flowers.

Bel. I, but if *Flora* spie *Horatio* heere,
Her ielous eye will thinke I sit too neere.

Hor. Harke Madame how the Birdes record by night,
For ioy that *Belimperia* sits in sight.

Bel. No, *Cupid* counterfeites the Nightingale,
To frame sweete Musicke to *Horatio*s tale.

Hor. If *Cupid* sing, then *Venus* is not farre:
I, thou art *Venus*, or some fairer Starre.

Bel. If I be *Venus*, thou must needes be *Mars*,
And where *Mars* raigneth, there must needes be Warre.

Hor. Then thus begin our Warres, put foorth thy hand,
That it may combat with my ruder hand.

Bel. Set foorth thy foote, to try the push of mine.

Hor. But first my lookes shall combat against thine.

Bel. Then ward thy selfe, I dart this Kisse at thee.

Hor. Thus I returne the Dart thou threwst at mee.

Bel. Nay, then to gaine the glorie of the Field,
My twining Armes shall yoake, and make thee yeeld.

Hor. Nay, then my Armes are large and strong withall:
Thus Elmes by Vines are compast, till they fall.

Bel. O let me goe, for in my troubled eyes,
Now mayest thou read, that life in passion dyes.

Hor.

Hor. O stay awhile, and I will die with thee,
So shalt thou yeeld, and yet haue conquered mee.

Bel. Who's there, *Pedringano*? We are betrayde.

Enter Lorenzo, Balthazar, Cerberin, Pedringano disguised.

Lor. My Lord, away with her. *Take her aside.*
O sir, forbear; your valour is already tride.
Quickly dispatch my maisters. *They hang him in the Arbour.*

Hor. What, will yee murder mee?

Lor. I thus, & thus: these are the fruits of loue. *They stab him.*

Bel. O saue his life, and let me die for him;
O saue him Brother, saue him *Balthazar*;
I loued *Horatio*, but hee loued not mee.

Bel. But *Balthazar* loues *Belimperia*.

Lor. Although his life were ambitious proud,
Yet is he at the highest, now he is dead.

Bel. Murder, murder: helpe *Hieronimo*, helpe.

Lor. Come, stop her mouth: away with her. *Exeunt*

Enter Hieronimo in his Shirt.

Hiero. What out-cry calls me from my naked Bed,
And chills my throbbing heart with trembling feare,
Which neuer danger yet could daunt before?
Who calls *Hieronimo*? speake, heere I am.
I did not slumber, therefore 'twas no Dreame.
No, no; it was some Woman cride for helpe,
And heere within the Garden did she cry,
And in this Garden must I rescue her.
But stay, What murderous spectacle is this?
A man hang'd vp, and all the Murderers gone;
And in my Bower, to lay the guilt on mee?
This place was made for Pleasure, not for Death,

He cuts him downe.

Those Garments that he weares, I oft haue seene:
Alasse, it is *Horatio* my sweete Sonne:
O no, but he that who whilome was my Sonne.
Oh, was it thou that call'dst mee from my Bed:
Oh speake, if any sparke of life remaine:
I am thy Father; Who hath slaine my Sonne?
What sauage Monster, not of humane kind,

Heere hath been glutted with thy harmelesse blood,
 And left thy bloody Corps dishonoured heere
 For mee, amidst this darke and deathfull shades,
 To drowne thee with an Ocean of my Teares?
 Oh Heauens, why made you night to couer sinne?
 By day, this deed of darknesse had not been.
 Oh Earth, why didst thou not in time deuower,
 The vile prophaner of this sacred Bower.
 Oh poore *Horatio*, what hadst thou misdone,
 To leese thy life, ere life was new begun?
 Oh wicked Butcher, what so ere thou wert,
 How couldst thou strangle Virtue and Desert?
 Aye mee most wretched, that haue lost my ioy,
 In leeling my *Horatio* my sweete Boy.

Enter Isabella.

Isa. My Husbonds absence, makes my heart to throb.
Hieronimo!

Hiero. Heere *Isabella*, helpe me to lament,
 For sighs are stoppt, and all my teares are spent.

Isa. What world of griefe? My sonne *Horatio*,
 Oh where's the author of this endlesse woe?

Hiero. To know the author, were some ease of griefe,
 For in reuenge, my heart would find reliefe.

Isa. Then is he gone? and is my Sonne gone too?
 Oh gush out teares, fountaines and floods of teares:
 Blow sighes, and raise an euerlasting storme,
 For outrage fits our cursed wretchednesse.

Aye mee *Hieronimo*; sweete Husband speake.

Hiero. Hee supt with vs to night frolicke and merrie,
 And sayd, he would goe visit *Balthazar*
 At the Dukes Pallace: there the Prince doth lodge.
 He had no custome to stay out so late,
 Hee may be in his Chamber; some go see. *Rodorigo Ho.*

Enter Pedro, and Iaques.

Isa. Aye mee, he raues: sweete *Hieronimo*.

Hiero. True, all *Spaine* takes note of it.
 Besides, he is so generally beloued,
 His Maiestie the other day did grace him

With waighting on his Cup: these be fauours,
Which doe assure me he can not be short liued.

Isa. Sweete *Hieronimo*.

Hiero. I wonder how this fellow got his Clothes:
Sirha, sirha, Ile know the truth of all:

Iaques, run to the Duke of *Castiles* presently,
And bid my sonne *Horatio* to come home,
I, and his Mother, haue had strange Dreames to night:
Doe yee heare me sir? *Iaques.* I sir.

Hiero. Well sir, be gon: *Pedro*, come hither,
Knowest thou who this is?

Ped. Too well sir.

Hiero. Too well, who? Who is it? Peace *Isabella*.
Nay blush not man,

Ped. It is my Lord *Horatio*.

Hier. Ha, ha, Saint *James*, but this doth make me laugh,
That there are more deluded then my selfe.

Ped. Deluded?

Hiero. I, I would haue sworne my selfe within this houre,
That this had been my Sonne *Horatio*,
His Garments are so like: Ha, are they not great perswasions?

Isa. O would to God it were not so.

Hier. Were not *Isabella*? Doest thou dreame it is?
Can thy soft boosome entertaine a thought,
That such a blacke deed of mischiefe should be done,
On one so pure and spotlesse as our Sonne,
Away, I am ashamed.

Isa. Deare *Hieronimo*, cast a more serious eye vpon thy gricfe
Weake apprehension giues but weake belife.

Hiero. It was a man sure that was hanged vp heere,
A Youth, as I remember: I cut him downe.
If it should prooue my Sonne now after all,
Say you, say you: light, lend me a Taper,
Let me looke againe.

O God; confusion, mischiefe, torment, death, and Hell,
Drop all your stings at once in my cold boosome,
That now is stiffe with horreur; kill me quickly:
Be gracious to me thou infectiue night,

Heere hath been glutted with thy harmelesse blood,
 And left thy bloody Corps dishonoured heere
 For mee, amidst this darke and deathfull shades,
 To drowne thee with an Ocean of my Teares?
 Oh Heauens, why made you night to couer sinne?
 By day, this deed of darknesse had not been.
 Oh Earth, why didst thou not in time deuower,
 The vile prophaner of this sacred Bower.
 Oh poore *Horatio*, what hadst thou misdone,
 To leese thy life, ere life was new begun?
 Oh wicked Butcher, what so ere thou wert,
 How couldst thou strangle Virtue and Defert?
 Aye mee most wretched, that haue lost my ioy,
 In leeling my *Horatio* my sweete Boy.

Enter Isabella.

Isa. My Husbands absence, makes my heart to throb.
Hieronimo!

Hiero. Heere *Isabella*, helpe me to lament,
 For sighs are stopt, and all my teares are spent.

Isa. What world of griefe? My sonne *Horatio*,
 Oh where's the author of this endlesse woe?

Hiero. To know the author, were some ease of griefe,
 For in reuenge, my heart would find reliefe.

Isa. Then is he gone? and is my Sonne gone too?
 Oh gush out teares, fountaines and floods of teares:
 Blow sighes, and raise an euerlasting storme,
 For outrage fits our cursed wretchednesse.
 Aye mee *Hieronimo*; sweete Husband speake.

Hiero. Hee sapt with vs to night frolicke and merrie,
 And sayd, he would goe visit *Balthazar*
 At the Dukes Pallace: there the Prince doth lodge.
 He had no custome to stay out so late,
 Hee may be in his Chamber; some go see. *Rodorigo Ho.*

Enter Pedro, and Iaques.

Isa. Aye mee, he raues: sweete *Hieronimo*.

Hiero. True, all Spaine takes note of it.
 Besides, he is so generally beloued,
 His Maiestie the other day did grace him

With

The Spanish Tragedie.

With waighting on his Cup: these be fauours,
Which doe assure me he can not be short liued.

Isa. Sweete *Hieronimo*.

Hiero. I wonder how this fellow got his Clothes:
Sirha, sirha, Ile know the truth of all:

Iaques, run to the Duke of *Castiles* presently,
And bid my sonne *Horatio* to come home,
I, and his Mother, haue had strange Dreames to night:
Doe yee heare me sir? *Iaques.* I sir.

Hiero. Well sir, be gon: *Pedro*, come hither,
Knowest thou who this is?

Ped. Too well sir.

Hiero. Too well, who? Who is it? Peace *Isabella*.
Nay blush not man,

Ped. It is my Lord *Horatio*.

Hier. Ha, ha, Saint *James*, but this doth make me laugh,
That there are more deluded then my selfe.

Ped. Deluded?

Hiero. I, I would haue sworn my selfe within this houre,
That this had been my Sonne *Horatio*,
His Garments are so like: Ha, are they not great perswasions?

Isa. O would to God it were not so.

Hier. Were not *Isabella*? Doest thou dreame it is?
Can thy soft boosome entertaine a thought,
That such a blacke deed of mischiefe should be done,
On one so pure and spotlesse as our Sonne,
Away, I am ashamed.

Isa. Deare *Hieronimo*, cast a more serious eye vpō thy grieffe
Weake apprehension giues but weake beliefe.

Hiero. It was a man sure that was hanged vp heere,
A Youth, as I remember: I cut him downe.
If it should prooue my Sonne now after all,
Say you, say you: light, lend me a Taper,
Let me looke againe.

O God; confusion, mischiefe, torment, death, and Hell,
Drop all your stings at once in my cold boosome,
That now is stiffe with horroure; kill me quickly:
Be gracious to me thou infectiue night,

And drop this deed of Murder downe on mee, which giueth
Gird in my wast of griefe, with thy large darknesse,
And let mee not suruiue, to see the light,
May put me in the minde I had a Sonne.

Isa. O sweete *Horatio*, O my dearest Sonne.

Hier. How strangely had I lost my way to griefe,
Sweete louely Rose, ill pluckt before thy time,
Faire worthy Sonne, not conquered, but betrayde,
He kisse thee now, for words with teares are stayde.

Isa. And He close vp the Glasses of his sight,
For once these Eyes were onely my delight.

Hier. Seest thou this Hand-kircher besmeard with blood?
It shall not from mee, till I take reuenge.
Seest thou these Woundes that yet are bleeding fresh,
He not intombe them, till I haue reuenged.
Then will I lye amidst my discontent,
Till then, my sorrow neuer shall be spent.

Isa. The Heauens are iust, Murder can not be hid;
Time is the author both of Truth and Right;
And Time will bring this treacherie to light.

Hier. Meane while, good *Isabella*, cease thy plaintes,
Or at the least, dissemble them awhile:
So shall we sooner finde the practise out,
And learne by whom all this was brought about.
Come *Isabella*, now let's take him vp,
And beare him in, from out this cursed place:
He say his Dirge, singing fits not this case.

O aliquis mihi quas pulchrum uer educat herbas,

Hiero sets his brest vnto his Sword.

Misceat & nostro detur medician dolori:

Aut si qui faciunt animum obliuia succos,

Prebeat, ipse metum magnam quicunque per orbem,

Gramina Sol pulchras effecit in luminis oras,

Ipse bibam quicquid meditatur saga veneni,

Quicquid & irraue nec eoa menia nebit.

Omnia perpetiar, letum quoque dum semel omnis,

Noster inextincto moriatur pectore sensus:

Ergo tuos oculos nunquam (mea vita) videbo.

*Et tua perpetuus sepeliuit lumina somnus.
Emor ira tecum sic, Sic inua ire sub umbras,
At tamen ab sistam properato cedere letho,
Ne mortem vindicta tuam tam nulla sequatur.*

Heere he throwes it from him, and beares the body away.

Andrea.

Brought'st thou me hither, to increase my paine?
I lookt that *Balthazar* should haue been slaine:
But tis my friend *Horatio* that is slaine,
And they abuse faire *Belimperia*,
On whom I doted more then all the world,
Because she loued me more then all the world.

Reuenge.

Thou talkest of Haruest, when the Corne is greene,
The end is growne of euery worke well done:
The Sickle comes not till the Corne be ripe.
Be still, and ere I lead thee from this place,
He shew thee *Balthazar* in heauie case.

ACTVS TERCIVS.

Enter Viceroy of Portingale, Nobles, Alexandro Villapio.

Vice. [Nfortunate condition of Kings,
Seated amidst so many helples doubts:
First, we are plac'd vpon extreamest height;
And oft supplanted with exceeding hate:
But euer subiect to the wheele of Chaunce;
And at our highest, neuer ioy we so;
As we both doubt and dread our ouerthrow.
So striueth not the Waues with sundry Windes,
As Fortune toyleth in the affayres of Kings,
That would be feard, yet feare to be beloued,
Sith feare, or loue, to Kings, is flatterie:
For instance (Lordings) looke vpon our King,
By hate, deprived of his dearest Sonne;
The onely hope of our successiue liues.

Nob. I had not thought that *Alexandro's* heart,
Had been inuenomde with such extreame hate:

But

But now I see, that Words haue severall workes,
And there's no credite in the countenance.

Vil. No, for (my Lord) had you beheld the traine,
That fained loue had coloured in his lookes,
When he in Campe, consoorted *Balthazar*,
Farre more inconstant had you thought the Sunne,
That houely coastes the Centre of the Earth,
Then *Alexandros* purpose to the Prince.

Vice. No more, *Villuppo*, thou hast said enough,
And with thy Words, thou slayest our wounded thoughts:
Nor shall I longer dally with the World,
Procrastinating *Alexandros* death:
Goe some of you and fetch the Traytour forth,
That as he is condemned, he may die.

Enter Alexandro, with a Noble man, and Halberts.

Nobl. In such extreames, will nought but patience serue.

Alex. But in extreames, what patience shall I vse?
Nor discontented it mee to leaue the World,
With whom there nothing can preuaile but wrong.

Nobl. Yet hope the best.

Alex. Tis Heauen is my hope,
As for the Earth, it is too much infected,
To yeeld mee hope of any of her mould.

Vice. Why linger yee? bring forth that daring friend,
And let him die for his accursed deed.

Alex. Not that I feare the extremitie of death,
(For Nobles can not stoope to seruile feare)
Doe I (O King) thus discontented liue.
But this, O this, tormentes my labouring soule,
That thus I die, suspected of a sinne,
Whereof, as Heauens haue knowne my secret thoughts,
So am I free from this suggestion.

Vice. No more I say; to the tortures, when?
Binde him, and burne his body in those Flames,

They bind him to the Stake.

That shall prefigure those vnquenched fires
Of *Phlegeton*, prepared for his soule.

Alex. My guiltlesse death will be auenged on thee,

On thee *Villuppo*, that hath malic'd thus,
Or of thy meede, hast falsely mee accusd.

Vil. Nay *Alexandro*, if thou menacemee,
Ile lend a hand to send thee to the lake,
Where those thy Words shall perish with thy workes:
Iniurious Traytor, monstrous homicide.

Enter Embassadour.

Em. Stay, hold a while; & (here with pardon of his Maiesty)
Lay hands vpon *Villuppo*.

Vice. Embassadour, what newes hath vrg'd this sodaine en-

Emb. Know Soueraigne: I, that *Balthazar* doth liue.

Vice. What sayst thou? liueth *Balthazar* our Sonne?

Emb. Your highnesse Sonne *L. Balthazar* doth liue,
And well intreated in the Court of *Spaine*:
Humbly commendes him to your Maiestie:
These eyes beheld, and these my followers,
With these the Letters of the Kinges commende,

Giues him Letters.
Are happy witnesses of his Highnesse health.

The King looks on the Letters, and proceeds.

Vice. Thy Sonne doth liue, your Tribute is receiued:
Thy Peace is made, and we are satisfied:

Thereft resoluē vpon, as things propoſe,

For both our honours, and thy benefite.

Emb. These are his Highnesse further Articles:

He giues him more Letters.

Vice. Accursed wretch, to intimate these iller
Against the life and reputation
Of noble *Alexandro*: Come my Lord, vnbind him,
Let him vnbind thee, that is bound to death,
To make a quitall for thy discontent.

They vnbinde him.

Alex. Dread Lord, in kindnesse you could doe no lesse,
Vpon report of such a damned fact:
But thus we see our innocencie hath saued
The hopelesse life which thou *Villuppo* sought
by thy suggestions to haue massacred.

Vice. Say false *Villuppo*, wherefore didst thou thus?

L.

Falsely.

The Spanish Tragedie
Falsely betray Lord *Alexandros* life?
Him whom thou knowest, that no vnkindnesse else,
But euen the slaughter of our dearest Sonne,
Could once haue mooued vs to haue misconceiued.

Alex. Say (treacherous *Villuppo*) tell the King?
Or wherein hath *Alexandro* vsed thee ill?

Vil. Rent with remembrance of so foule a deed,
My guiltfull soule submits me to thy doome:
For not for *Alexandros* iniuries,

But for reward, and hope to be preferd:
Thus haue I shamelessly hazarded his life.

Vice. Which, villaine, shall be ransomed with thy death,
And not so meane a torment as we heere
Deuise for him, who thou saydst slew our Sonne:
But with the bitterest torments and extreames
That may be yet inuented for thine end: *Alex. seemes to intreat.*
Intreat me not, goe take the traytor hence: *Exit. Vil.*

And *Alexandro*, let vs honour thee
With publique notice of thy loyaltie,
To end those thinges articulated heere,
By our great Lord the mighty King of *Spaine*,
Wee with our Counsell will deliberate.

Come *Alexandro*, keepe vs companie.

Exeunt.

Enter Hieronimo.

Hier. Oh eyes! no eyes, but Fountaines fraught with teares.
Oh life! no life, but liuely forme of death:
Oh world! no world, but masse of publique wronges,
Confusde and fild with murder and misdeedes:
Oh sacred Heauens! if this vnhalloved deed,
If this inhumane and barbarous attempt:
If this incomperable murder thus,
Of mine, but now no more my Sonne,
Shall vnreuealed and vnreuenged passe,
How should we tearme your dealings to be iust,
If you vniustly deale with those that in your iustice trust?
The night, sad secretarie to my mones,
With direfull visions, wake my vexed soule,
And with the Wounds of my distresfull Sonne,

Solicite

Solicite mee, for notice of his death,
The euglie Feendes doe fallie foorth of Hell,
And frame my steppes to vnfrequented pathes,
And feare my heart with fierce inflamed thoughts,
The cloudy Day, my discontents recordes,
Early begins to register my Dreames,
And drive mee foorth to seeke the murderer.
Eyes, Life, World, Heauens, Hell, Night, and Day,
See, search, shew, send some man,
Some meane that may :

A Letter falleth.

What's heere, a Letter? tush, it is not so :

A Letter written to Hieronimo. *Red incke.*

*For want of Incke, receiue this bloody Writ,
Mee hath my haples Brother bid from thee:
Reuenge thy selfe on Balthazar and him:
For those were they, that murdered thy Sonne:
Hieronimo, reuenge Horatioes death,
And better farre, then Belimperia doth.*

What meanes this vnexpected Miracle?
My Sonne slaine by Lorenzo, and the Prince:
What cause had they Horatio to maligne?
Or what might moue thee Belimperia,
To accuse thy Brother? Had hee been the meane?
Hieronimo beware, thou art betrayde:
And to intrap thy life, this trainess layde:
Aduise thee therefore, be not credulous,
This is deuised to endanger thee,
That thou by this, Lorenzo shouldst accuse,
And he for thy dishonour done, should draw
Thy life in question, and thy name in hate.
Deare was the life of my beloued Sonne,
And of his death, behooues me be reueng'd:
Then hazard not thine owne, Hieronimo,
But liue t'effect thy resolution:
I therefore will by circumstaunces try,
What I can gather, to confirme this Writ,
And harken neere the Duke of Castiles house,
Close, if I can, with Belimperia.

To listen more; but nothing to bewray.

Enter Pedringano.

Hier. Now *Pedringano*.

Ped. Now *Hieronimo*.

Hier. Where's thy Lady?

Ped. I know not, here's my Lord.

Enter Lorenzo.

Lor. How now, Who's this, *Hieronimo*?

Hier. My Lord.

Ped. He asketh for my Lady *Belimperia*.

Lor. What to do, *Hieronimo*? The Duke my Father hath
Vpon some disgrace, a while remooued her hence:
But if it be ought I may informe her off,
Tell mee *Hieronimo*, and he let her know it.

Hier. Nay, Nay (my Lord) I thanke you, it shall not need,
I had a shute vnto her but too late,
And her disgrace makes mee vnfortunate.

Lor. Why so *Hieronimo*? vsome

Hier. Who you, my Lord?
I reserue your fauour for a greater honour.
This is a very toy, my Lord, a toy.

Lor. All's one *Hieronimo*, acquaint me with it.

Hier. Y'fayth my Lord, tis an idle thing, I must confesse,
I ha been too slacke, too tardie, too remisse, vnto your Honor.

Lor. How now *Hieronimo*?

Hier. In troth my Lord, it is a thing of nothing;
The murder of a Sonne, or so:
A thing of nothing, my Lord.

Lor. Why then farewell

Hier. My griefe no hart, my thought no tounge can tell. *Exit.*

Lor. Come hither *Pedringano*, seest thou this?

Ped. My Lord, I see it, and suspect it too.

Lor. This is that damned Villaine *Serberine*,
That hath (I feare) reueald *Horatio*'s death.

Ped. My Lord, he could not, twas so lately done;
And since, he hath not left my companie.

Lor. Admit he haue not, his condicion's such,
As feare, or flattering words, may make him false.

I know his humour, and therewith repent
That ere I vſde him in this enterprize.
But *Pedringano*, to preuent the worſt,
And cauſe I know thee ſecret as my ſoule,
Heere, for thy further ſatisfaction, take thou this,

Giues him more Gold.

And harken to mee; Thus it is: diſguiſde,
This night thou muſt (and pre'thee ſo reſolue)
Meete *Serberine* at *S. Leuges Parke*:
Thou know'ſt tis here hard by behind the houſe,
There take thy ſtand, and ſee thou ſtrike him ſure;
For die he muſt, if we doe meane to liue.

Ped. But how ſhall *Serberine* be there, my Lord?

Lor. Let mee alone, Ile ſend to him to meete
The Prince and mee; where thou muſt doe this deed.

Ped. It ſhall be done, my Lord, it ſhall be done,
And Ile goe arme my ſelfe to meete him there.

Lor. When things ſhall alter, (as I hope they will)
Then ſhalt thou mount for this: thou know'ſt my minde.
Che le leron. *Exit Pedringano.*

Enter Page.

Page. My Lord.

Lor. Goe firra, to *Serberine*, and bid him forthwith
Meete the Prince and mee at *S. Leuges Parke*,
Behind the houſe, this euening, Boy.

Pag. I goe, my Lord.

Lor. But firra, let the houre be eight a clocke:
Bid him not fayle.

Pag. I flie, my Lord. *Exit.*

Lor. Now to confirme the complote thou haſt caſt,
Of all theſe practiſes, Ile ſpread the Watch,
Vpon preſiſe commandement from the King,
Strongly to guard the place where *Pedringano*
This night ſhall murder haples *Serberine*.
This muſt we worke, that will auoyde diſtruſt,
Thus muſt we practiſe to prevent miſhap
And thus one ill, an other muſt expulſe.
This ſly inquirie of *Hieronimo* for *Belimperia*, breeds ſuſpicion.

And this suspicion, boades a further ill.
 As for my selfe, I know my secret fault,
 And so doe they; but I haue dealt for them:
 They that for Coyne their soules endangered,
 To saue my life; for Coyne shall venture theirs:
 And better tis that base companions die,
 Then by their life, to hazard our good haps;
 Nor shall they liue, for me to feare their fayth
 Ile trust my selfe, my selfe shall be my friends:
 For die they shall; slaves are ordaind for no other end.

Enter Pedringano with a Pistoll.

Ped. Now *Pedringano*, bid thy Pistoll hold;
 And hold on Fortune, once more fauour mee;
 Giue but successe to mine attempting spirit,
 And let me shift for taking of mine ayne:
 Here is the Gold, this is the Gold proposde,
 It is no Dreame that I aduenture for,
 But *Pedringano* is possesse thereof;
 And he that would not straine his Conscience
 For him, that thus his liberall Purse hath stretcht,
 Vnworthy such a fauour may he fayle;
 And wishing, want when such as I preuaile:
 As for the feare of apprehension,
 I know (if need should be) my noble Lords
 Will stand betweene mee and ensuing harmes:
 Besides, this place is free from all suspect;
 Heere therefore will I stay, and take my stand.

Enter the Watch.

1 I wonder much to what intent it is,
 That we are thus expressly chargde to watch:
 2 Tis by commandement in the Kings owne name.
 3 But we were neuer wont to watch nor ward,
 Soneere the Duke his house before:
 4 Content your selfe, stand close, there's somewhat in't.

Enter Serberine.

Ser. Heere *Serberine*, attend and stay thy pace,
 For heere did *Don Lorenzous* Page appoynt,
 That thou by his command shouldst meete with him:

How

How fit a place, if one were so disposed,
Mee thinkes this corner is to close with one.

Ped. Heere comes the Bird that I must ceaze vpon
Now *Pedringano*, or neuer, play the man.

Ser. I wonder that his Lordship stayes so long,
Or wherefore should he send for mee so late?

Ped. For this *Serberine*, & thou shalt ha't: *Shoots the Dag.*
So, there hee liēs; my promise is performde.

The Watch.

1 Harke Gentlemen, this is a Pistoll shot.

2 And heer's one slaine; slay the Murderer.

Ped. Now by the sorrowes of the soules in Hell,

Hee strines with the Watch.

Who first layes hold on me, Ile be his Priest.

3 Sirra confesse, (and therein play the Priest,)
Why hast thou thus vnkindly kild the man?

Ped. Why? because he walk'd abroad so late.

3 Come sir, you had been better kept your Bed,
Then haue committed this misdeed so late.

2 Come, to the Marshals with the Murderer.

1 On, to *Hieronimo*: helpe mee heere,
To bring the murdered Body with vs too.

Ped. *Hieronimo*! Carry mee before whom you will,
What ere he bee, Ile answere him and you.

And doe your worst, for I defie you all.

Exeunt.

Enter Lorenzo and Balthazar.

Bal. How now my Lord, what makes you rise so soone?

Lor. Feare of preuenting our mishaps too late.

Bal. What mischief is it that we not mistrust.

Lor. Our greatest illes, we least mistrust (my Lord)
And in expected harmes, doe hurt vs most.

Bal. Why, tell me *Don Lorenzo*, tell me man,
If ought concernes our Honour, and your owne?

Lor. Not you, nor mee (my Lord) but both in one:

For I suspect, and the presumption's great,

That by those base confederats in our fault

Touching the death of *Don Horatio*,

We are betrayde to old *Hieronimo*.

Ed.

Bal. Betrayde, *Lorenzo* I tush it cannot be.

Lor. A guiltie Conscience, vrged with the thought
Of former evils, easily cannot erre:

I am perswaded, and disswade me not,

That all's reuealde to *Hieronimo*,

And therefore know, that I haue cast it thus. *Enter Page.*

But here's the *Page*: How now, what newes with thee?

Page. My Lord, *Serberine* is slaine.

Bal. Who, *Serberine* my man?

Page. Your Highnes man, my Lord.

Lor. Speake *Page*, Who murdered him?

Pag. Hee that is apprehended for the fact.

Lor. Who?

Pag. *Pedringano*.

Bal. I, *Serberine* slaine, that loued his Lord so well,
Iniurious Villaine, murderer of his Friend.

Lor. Hath *Pedringano* murdered *Serberine*?

My Lord, let mee intreat you to take the paines,

To exasperate and hasten his renenge,

With your complaints vnto my Lord the King:

This their dissention, breedes a greater doubt.

Bal. Assure thee *Don Lorenzo*, he shall die,

Or else his Highnes hardly shall denie.

Meane while, Ile haste the Marshall Sessions:

For die he shal for this his damned deed. *Exit Bal.*

Lor. Why so; this fits our former pollicie,

And thus experience biddes the wise to deale:

I lay the plot, he prosecures the poynt;

I set the Trap, he breakes the worthless twigs,

And sees not that wherewith the Bird was limde.

Thus hopefull men that meane to hold their owne,

Must looke like Fowlers, to their dearest friends;

Hee runnes to kill, whom I haue holpe to catch,

And no man knowes it was my reaching fatchy.

Tis hard to trust vnto a multitude,

Or any one (in mine opinion)

When men themselues their secrets will reueale.

Enter

Enter M. Sanger with a Letter

Lor. Boy, convey our Words amongst your Friends

Mef. My Lord.

Lor. What's hee?

Mef. I have a Letter to your Lordship.

Lor. From whence?

Mef. From *Pedringano*, that's imprisoned.

Lor. So, he is imprisoned there?

Mef. Yes, my good Lord.

Lor. What would he with vs?

He writes vs heere: *To stand good L. and helpe him in distresse. &c.*

Tell him, I haue his Letters, know his minde;

And what we may, let him assure him off.

Fellow begone, my Boy shall follow thee. *Exit Mef.*

This workes like Wax, yet once more try thy wittes;

Boy, goe, convey this Purse to *Pedringano*.

Thou knowest the Prison, closely give it him.

And be aduised that none be there about;

Bid him be merry still, but secret.

And though the Marshalls Sessions be to day.

Bid him not doubt of his deliuerie.

Tell him, his Pardone is alreadye signed.

And thereon bid him boldly be resolute:

For were he readie to be turned off,

(As tis my will the vtermost be tryde:)

Thou with his Pardone, shalt attend him still.

Shew him this Box, tell him his Pardons in't;

But open't not, and if thou louest thy life,

But let him wisely keepe his hopes vknowne.

He shall not want while *Don Lorenzo* liues away.

Page. I goe (my Lord) I runne.

Lor. But sirrasse that this be cleanly done. *Exit Page.*

Now standes our fortune on a tickle poynt,

And now, or neuer, ends *Lorenzo's* doubts:

One onely thing is vnaffected yet,

And that's to see the Executioner.

But to what end? I list not trust the Ayre.

With vtterance of our pretence therein.

For feare the priue whifering of the Winde,
Conuey our Words amongst vnfriendly eares,
That lie too open to aduantages.

*Et quel que voglio Il neffuale fa,
Intendo io quel mi bassarà.*

Enter Boy with the Box.

Boy. My Maister hath forbidden mee to looke in this Box; and by my honesty tis likely, if he had not warned mee, I should not haue had so much idle time: for wee Men-kind in our minoritie, are like Women in their vncertainie; That, they are most forbidden, they will soonest attempt. So I now. By my bare credite, here's nothing but the bare entrie Box: were it not sinne against Secrecie, I would say, it were a phoebe of Gentleman-like knauerie: I must goe to *Pedringano* and tell him, his Pardon is in this Box; nay I would haue sworn it, had I not scene the contrary. I can not choose but smile, to thinke, how the villaine will flout the Gallows, scorne the Audience, and descant on the Hang-man; and all presuming of his Pardon from hence. Will not be an odde iest, for mee to stand and grace every iest he makes, poynting my finger at this Box, as who should say, Mocke on, heer's thy Warrant? Ist not a scurvie iest, that a man should iest himselfe to death? Alas poore *Pedringano*, I am in a sort sorry for thee; but if I should be hanged with thee, I could not weepe.

Enter Hieronimo, and the Deputies.

Hier. Thus must we toyle in other mens *Exclamations*, That know not how to remedie our owne; And doe them iustice, when vniustly wee, For all our wrongs, can compasse no redresse. But shall I neuer hie to see the day, That I may come by Iustice (of the Heauens)? To know the cause, that may my eares alay? This toyles my Body, this consumeth Age, That onely I, to all men iust must bee, And neither Gods nor Men, be iust to mee.

Depu. Worthy *Hieronimo*, your Office askes A care to punish such as doe transgresse.

Hier. So ist my dutie to regard his death,
Who

Who when he liued, deserued my dearest blood:
But come, for that we came for: let's begin.
For heere lies that, which bids mee to be gone.

Enter Officers, Boy, and Pedringano with a Letter

Depu. Bring forth the Prisoner, for the Court is set.

Pedr. Gramarcie Boy: But it was time to come.
For I had written to my Lord a new,
A neerer matter that concerneth him,
For feare his Lordship had forgotten mee;
But sith he hath remembered mee so well;
Come, come; come on, when shall we to this geare?

*Hier. Stand forth thou Monster, murderer of men,
And heere for satisfaction of the World,
Confesse thy folly, and repent thy faults;
For there's thy place of execution.*

Pedr. This is short worke: Well, to your Marshallship.
First, I confesse, (nor feare I death therefore)
I am the man, I was I flew *Serberino*,
But sir, then you thinke this shall be the place,
Where we shall satisfie you for this geare?

Depu. I, Pedringano

Pedr. No, I thinke not so.

*Hier. Peace impudent, for thou shalt find it so,
For blood with blood, shall (while I sit as Iudge)
Be satisfied, and the Law discharge.
And though my selfe can not receive the like,
Yet will I see that other haue their right.
Dispatch; the fault approoued and confest;
And by our Law he is condemn'd to die.*

Enter Hangman.

Hang. Come on sir, are you ready?

Pedr. To doe what my fine officious knaues?

Hang. To goe to this geare.

*Pedr. O sir, you are too forward, thou wouldst faine furnish
me with a Halter, to disfurnish mee of my Habite:*

So I should goe out of this geare my Rayment, into that geare

in the Rope:

But Hang-man, now I spie your knauerie, Ile not change

with-

without boote, that's flat.

Hang. Come sir.

Pedr. So then I must vp?

Hang. No remedie.

Pedr. Yes, but there shall be for coming downe.

Hang. Indeed heere's a remedie for that.

Pedr. How, to be turned off?

Hang. I truly: Come, are you readie?

I pray you sir dispatch, the day goes away.

Pedr. What, doe you hang by the houre? if you doe, I may chaunce to breake your old custome.

Hang. Fayth you haue no reason, for I am like to breake your young necke.

Pedr. Doest thou mocke mee, Hang-man? pray God I be not preserued to breake your knaves pate for this.

Hang. Alas sir, you are a foote too low to reach me, and I hope you will neuer grow so high, whilst I am in the Office.

Pedr. Sirra, doest see yonder Boy with the Box in his hand?

Hang. What hee that poynts to it with his finger?

Pedr. I, that companion.

Hang. I know him not: but what of him?

Pedr. Doest thou thinke to liue till this old Douler will make thee a new Truffle?

Hang. I, and many a faire yeare after, to truffle vp many an honest man then either thou, or hee.

Pedr. What hath hee in his Box, as thou thinkest?

Hang. Fayth, I can not tell, nor I care not greatly; Mee thinkes you should rather harken to your soules health.

Pedr. Why sirra Hang-man, I take it, that that is good for the Body, is likewise good for the Soule: and it may be in that Box is Balme for both.

Hang. Well, thou art euen the merriest peeces of Mans flesh that ere groand at my Office doore.

Pedr. Is your rogarie become an office with a knaves name?

Hang. I, and that shall all they waine life, that see you scale it with a Thieves name.

Pedr. I prethee, request this good company to pray for me.

Hang. I marry sir, this is a good motion: my Magistrate, you see

see heere's a good fellow.

Pedr. Nay, nay, now I remember me, let them alone till some other time, for now I haue no greater need.

Hiero. I haue made a wretch so impudent
O monstrous times, where Murder's set so light
And where the Soule, that should be shrind in Heauen,
Solely delights in interdicted things,
Still wandring in the thornie passages,
That intercepts it selfe of happiness
Murder, O bloody monster, God forbid
A traitor to foale, should scape unpunished
Dispatch, and see the execution done,
This make mee to remember thee my Sonne.

Pedr. Nay soft, no haste.

Depu. Why, wherefore stay you? haue you hope of life?

Pedr. Why I.

Hang. As how?

Pedr. Why Rascall, by my Pardon from the King.

Hang. Stand you on, that I when you shall off with this.

Depu. So Executioner, conuey him hence,
But let his Body be vnburied
Let not the Earth be choaked, or infected
With that, which Heauen contemnes, & Men neglect.

Hiero. Where shall I come to breath abroad my woes,
My woes, whose weight hath wearied the Earth
Or mine Exclaimes, that haue so charged the Ayres
With ceaselesse Plaints, for my re-called Sonne
The blustering Windes, conspiring with my Words
At my lament, haue moued the leaflesse Trees
Disroabd the Meadoes of their flowred greens,
Made Mountaines Moun, with spring tide of my Tears
And broken through the brazen Gates of Hell
Yet still tormented is my conrured Soule,
With broken Sighes, and restless Passions
That winged, mount and descend in the Ayre.

But at the Windows of the brightest Heavens
Solitioning for Justice and Revenge:
But they are Plac'd in those imperiall heights
Where, counterbust with wailes of Diamonds I
I find the place inprophable and they w. as in a vision
Resist my words, and give my words no way

Enter Hangman with a Letter

Hang. O Lord sir, God bless you sir, the man is here
Sir, hee that was so full of merry conceits

Hier. Well, what of him?

Hang. O Lord sir, he went the wrong way, the fellow had
a faire Commission to the contrary: Sir, heere is his Pas-
port, I pray you sir, we have done him wrong

Hier. I warrant thee, give it mee

Hang. You will stand betwene the Gallows and mee

Hier. I, I.

Hang. I thanke your L. Worship.

Hier. And yet, though some what nettled at this
I will to ease the griefe that I sustaine, so you
Take truce with Sorrow, while I read on this.

*My Lord I write, in my extreame desire
That you would labour my deliverance
If you neglect, my life is desperate, and
And in my death, I shall reveale the truth
You know (my Lord) I slew him for your sake;
And was confederat with the Prince and Jew.*

*I hope to see you Don Horatio, and
Holpe hee to murder mine Horatio
And actors in this cursed Tragedie
Wast thou Don Horatio, and thou
Of whom my Sonne my Sonnes deserved
What have I heard? What have mine eyes beheld?
O sacred Heavens, may it come to passe
That such a monstrous and detested deed
So closely smotherd, and so long conceald
Shall thus be this reveald
Now see I what I durst not thinke*

That *Belimpria's* Letter was not fainder
 Nor fained she, though falsely they have wrong'd
 Both her, my selfe, *Horatio*, and themselves
 Now may I make compare twist here and this
 Of every accident, I here could find,
 Till now, and now I feelingly perceive
 They did, what heauen vnpunisht should not leave
 O false *Lorenzo*, are these thy flattering lookes?
 Is this the honour that thou didst my Sonne?
 And *Balthazar*, bane to thy soule and mine
 Was this the ransom heere seru'd for thee?
 Woe to the cause of these constrained Warres,
 Woe to thy baseness and captiuitie,
 Woe to thy birth, thy body, and thy soule
 Thy cursed Father, and thy conquered selfe
 And band with bitter execrations bee
 The day and place where he did pittie thee
 But wherefore waste I mine vnfuitfull words
 When nought but blood will satisfie my woes
 I will goe plaine mee to my Lord the King
 And cry aloude for Iustice through the Court
 Wearing the Flints with these my withered Feece
 And either purchase Iustice by intreats
 Or tire them all with my reuenging threats

Enter *Isabella*, and her *Maid*

Isa. So that you say, this Hearbe will purge the Eyes
 And this the Head: Ah, but none of them wil purge the Heart:
 No there's no Medicine left for my Disease
 Nor any Phisicke to reuere the Dead:

Horatio, O where's *Horatio*?

Maid. Good Madama, affright not thus your selfe
 With outrage for your Sonne *Horatio*
 Hee sleepe in quiet in the *Elizian* Fields

Isa. Why, did I not give you *Gowines*, and goodly things
 Bought you a Whistle, and a Whipsticke too
 To be reuenged on their villanies

Maid. Maddame, these humours doe torment my soule

Isa. My soule, poore soule, thou talkest of things

Thou knowest not what my loss hath been
 That mount'd high above the highest Heavens
 To Heaven, I there find my selfe
 Back'd with a sword of fire, and I may
 Dauncing about his newly healed wound
 Singing sweete Hymns, and chanting heavenly notes
 Rare Harmonies to greet his sacred presence
 That liue: I, did I die in your dayes
 But say, where shall I find the murderer
 That slew *Horatio*? Where shall I find
 To finde them out, that murdered my Sonner

Enter the cause of the murder

Bel. What meanes this Outrage that is offered mee
 Why am I thus sequell'd from the Court
 No notice; shall I not know the cause
 Of this my secret and suspicious illnes?
 Accursed Brother, vnder my hand
 Why bend; thou thrust'st thy knife to marke mee
Hieronimo, why wilt thou thus wrong mee
 Or why art thou so slack in my defence
Andrea, O *Andrea*, what hast thou done
 Mee, for thy friend *Horatio* hath thus
 And him for me, thus caus'd to be murder'd
 Well, force perforce, I will requite mine ill
 To patience, and applye it to the knife
 Till hee be dead, as I have hoped to be

Chris. Come, Madam, this my brother
Enter Lorenzo. Balthazar, and the Page.

Lor. Boy, talk no further, thus saith the Lord
 Thou art assured that thou shalt be

Page. Or els, my Lord, I will not
Lor. That's enough.

As for his resolution in his end
 Leau that to him with whom hee
 Heere take my Ring, and giue it to
 And bring her hither straight

This that I did, was for a policie,
To smooth and keepe the Murder secret;
Which as a nine dayes woonder, being ore-blowne,
My gentle Sister will I now inlarge.

Bal. And time (*Lorenzo*;) for my Lord the Duke,
You heard, enquired for her yester-night.

Lore. Why? and my Lord (I hope) you heard me say,
Sufficient reason, why she kept away.
But that's all one; (my Lord) you loue her?

Bal. I.

Lor. Then in your loue beware, deale cunningly;
Salue all suspitions, onely sooth mee vp
And if she hap to stand on tearmes with vs,
As for her Sweet-heart, and concealment so,
Iest with her gently; vnder fained iest,
Are things conceald, that els would breed vnrrest.
But heere she comes.

Enter Belimperia.

Lor. Now Sister:

Bel. Sister: No, thou art no Brother, but an Enemy:
Else wouldst thou not haue vsed thy Sister so:
First, to affright mee with thy Weapons drawne,
And with extreames abuse my company;
And then to hurrie mee like Whirl-winds rage:
Amidst a crew of thy confederates;
And clapt mee vp where none might come at mee,
Nor I at any, to reueale my wronges.
What madding furie did possesse thy witted brain,
Or wherein ist that I offended thee?

Lor. Advise you better *Belimperia*,
For I haue done you no disparagement:
Vnlesse by more discretion then deserued,
I sought to saue your honour and mine owne.

Bel. Mine honour? Why *Lorenzo*, wherein ist
That I neglect my reputation so,
As you, or any need to rescue it?

Lor. His Highnesse, and my Father, were resolu'd
To come conferte with old *Hieronimo*,

Concerning certaine matters of estate,
That by the *Vice-roy* was determined.

Bel. And wherein was mine honour touch'd in that?

Bal. Haue patience *Belimperia*, heare the rest.

Lor. Mee (next in sight) as Messenger they sent,
To giue him notice that they were so nigh:
Now when I came, consoorted with the Prince,
And (vnexpected) in an Arbour there,
Found *Belimperia* with *Horatio*.

Bel. How then?

Lor. Why then, remembering that old disgrace,
Which you for *Don Andrea* had endurd,
And now were likely longer to sustaine,
By being found so meanelly accompanied:
Thought rather (for I know no readier meane)
To thrust *Horatio* forth my Fathers way.

Bal. And carry you obscurely somewhere else,
Least that his Highnesse should haue found you there.

Bel. Euen so (my Lord) and you are witnesse,
That this is true which he intreateth of.
You (gentle Brother) forged this for my sake,
And you (my Lord) were made his instrument:
A worke of worth, worthy the noting too.
But what's the cause that you conceald me since?

Lor. Your melancholy (Sister) since the newes
of your first fauourite *Don Andrea*'s death,
My Fathers old wrath hath exasperate.

Bal. And better wast for you (being in disgrace)
To absent your selfe, and giue his furie place.

Bel. But why had I no notice of his ire?

Lor. That were to ad more Fewel to the Fire,
Who burnt like *Etna*, for *Andreas* losse.

Bel. Hath not my father then enquir'd for mee?

Lor. Sister, he hath, and thus excus'd I thee.

He whisperth in her eare.

But *Belimperia*, see the gentle Prince,
Looke on thy Lone, behold young *Balthazar*,
Whose passions by thy presence are increas'd.

And

And in whose melancholy, thou mayest see
Thy hate, his loue: thy flight, his following thee.

Bel. Brother, you are become an Oratour,
I know not I, by what experience;
Too polliticke for mee, past all compare
Sincelast I saw you; but content your selfe,
The Prince is meditating higher things.

Bal. Tis of thy Beautie then, that conquers Kings:
Of those thy Tresses, *Ariadne* twins:
Wherewith my libertie thou hast surprisde:
Of that thine iuorie Front, my sorrowes Map,
Wherein I see no Hauen to rest my Hope.

Bel. To loue, & feare, and both at once, my Lord,
In my conceite, are things of more import,
Then Womens wittes are to be buſied with.

Bal. Tis I that loue.

Bel. Whom?

Bal. *Belimperia*.

Bel. But I, that feare.

Bal. Whom?

Bel. *Belimperia*.

Lor. Feare your selfe?

Bel. I Brother.

Lor. How?

Bel. As those, that when they loue, are loth, & feare to loſe.

Bal. Then faire, let *Balthazar* your keeper be.

Bel. *Balthazar* doth feare as well as wee:

Est tremulo me tu paſſidens inuicere timorem;

Et uanum ſtolidæ proditionis opus. *Exit.*

Lor. Nay, and you argue things ſo cunningly;
Weele goe continue this Diſcourſe at Court.

Bal. Led by the Load-ſtarre of her heavenly lookes,
Wendes poore oppreſſed *Balthazar*,
As ore the Mountaines walkes the wanderer,
Incertaine to effect his Pilgrimage.

Enter two Portingales, and Hieronimo meetes them.

1 By your leaue ſir.

Hier. Tis neither as you thinke, nor as you thinke,

Ner as you thinke : you're wide all :
These Slippers are not mine, they were my Sonne *Horatio*;
My Sonne, and what's a Sonne?
A thing begot within a paire of Minutes, there about;
A lumpc bred vp in darkenesse, and doth serue
To ballace those light creatures we call Women;
And at nine months end, creepes foorth to light.
What is there yet in a Sonne?
To make a Father dote, raue, or runne madde,
Beeing Borne, it poutes, cryes, and breeds teeth.
What is there yet in a Sonne?
He must be fedde, be taught to goe, and speake;
I, or yet; Why might not a man loue a Calfe as well?
Or melt in passion ore a frisking Kidde, as for a Sonne?
Mee thinks a young Bacon,
Or a fine little smooth Horse-colt,
Should mooue a man, as much as doth a Sonne;
For one of these in very little time,
Will grow to some good vse, where as a Sonne,
The more he growes in stature and in yeares,
The more vnsgarde, vnbeuelled he appeares;
Reckons his Parents among the rancke of Fooles,
Strikes care vpon their heades with his mad Ryots,
Makes them looke old, before they meete with age;
This is a Sonne : and what a losse were this, considered truly?
O but my *Horatio*, grew out of reach of those
Insatiate humours : hee loued his louing Parents;
Hee was my comfort, and his Mothers ioy,
The very Arme that did hold vp our House;
Our hopes were stored vp in him.
None but a damned Murderer could hate him :
Hee had not seene the backe of nineteene yeare,
When his strong arme vnhorst the proud Prince *Baltazar*;
And his great minde too full of Honour,
Tooke him vs to mercy, that valiant, but ignoble *Portingale*.
Well, Heauen is Heauen still,
And there is *Nemesis*, and Furies,
And things called Whippes;

And

And they sometimes doe meete with Murderers,
They doe not alwayes scape, that's some comfort.
I, I, I, and then time steales on : and steales, and steales
Till violence leapes foorth like thunder
Wrapt in a ball of fire,
And so doth bring confusion to them all.
Good leaue have you : I pray you goe,
For Ile leaue, if you can leaue me, so.

2 Pray you, which is the way to my L. the Dukes?

Hic. The next way from me.

3 To his house we meane.

Hic. O, hard by, tis yon house that ye see.

3 You could not tell vs if his sonne were there?

Hic. Who, my Lord Lorenzo?

1 I, sir.

He goes in at one doore, and comes out at another.

Hier. Oh, forbear, for other talke for vs farre fitter were,
But if you be importune to know
The way to him, and where to finde him out,
Then list to mee. And Ile resolve your doubt:
There is a path vpon your left hand side,
That leadeth from a guiltie Conscience,
Vnto a Forrest of distrust and feare,
A darke some place and dangerous to passe;
There shall you meete with melancholie thoughts,
Whose balefull humors if you but vphold,
It will conduct you to dispaire and death:
Whose rockie cliffes, when you haue once beheld,
Within a bugie dale of lasting night,
That kindled with the worlds iniquities,
Doth cast vp filthie and detested fumes.
Not farre from thence, where inurtherers haue built,
A habitation for their cursed soules
There, in a brazen Caldron fixt by Ioue
In his fell wrath, vpon a sulphire flame;
Your selues shall find Lorenzo bathing him,
In boyling Lead, and Blood of innocents.

1 Ha, ha, ha.

The Spanish Tragedie.

Hier. Ha, ha, ha: why ha, ha, ha: Farewel good ha, ha, ha. *Exit.*
2 Doubtlesse this man is passing lunaticke,
Or, imperfection of his age doth make him dote:
Dome, let's away, to seeke my Lord the Duke. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Hieronimo with a Poynard in one hand,
and a Rope in the other.*

Hier. Now sir, perhaps I come and see the King,
The King sees mee, and faine would heare my shure:
Why is not this a strange, and seeld seene thing,
That standers by, with royes should strike me mute?
Goe too, I see their shifts, and say no more.

Hieronimo, tis time for thee to trudge,
Downe by the Dale that flowes with purple Gore,
Standeth a firie Towre; there sits a Iudge
Vpon a seate of Steele and molten Brasse:
And twixt his Teeth he holds a Fire-brand,
That leades vnto the Lake where Hell doth stand:
Away *Hieronimo* to him, be gone:

Heele doe thee iustice for *Horatio's* death,
Turne downe this Path, thou shalt be with him straight;
Or this, and then thou needs not take thy breath,
This way, or that way: soft and faire, not so,
For if I hang or kill my selfe, lets know
Who will reuenge *Horatio's* murder then?
No, no, fie no: pardon me, Ile none of that.

He flings away the Dagger and Halter.

This way Ile take, and this way comes the King,

He takes them up againe.

And here Ile haue a fling at him that's flay,
And *Balthazar*, Ile be with thee to bring,
And thee *Lorenzo*; heere's the King, nay stay:
And heere, I heere: there goes the Hare away.

Enter King, Embassadour, Castile, and Lorenzo.

King. Now shew Embassadour, what our Vice-roy sayth,
Hath he receiued the Articles we sent?

Hier. Iustice, O Iustice to *Hieronimo*.

Lor. Backe, see'st thou not the King is backe?

Hier. O is he so?

King.

King. Who is he that interrupts our businesse?

Hier. Not I: *Hieronimo* beware, goe by, goe by.

Embaj. Renowned King, he hath receiued, and read,
Thy Kingly proffers, and thy promis'd League:

And as a man extremely over-joy'd,

To heare his Sonne so princely entertain'd,

Whose death he had so solemnly bewayl'd.

This for thy further satisfaction,

And Kingly loue, he kindly lets thee know:

First, for the Mariage of his Princely Sonne

With *Belimperia*, thy beloued Neece;

The newes are more delightfull to his soule;

Then Myrrh or Incense to the offended Heauens:

In person therefore will he come him selfe,

To see the Mariage rites solemnized:

And in the presence of the Court of *Spaine*,

To knit a sure inexplicable band

Of Kingly loue, and euerlasting league,

Betwixt the Crownes of *Spaine* and *Portingale*.

There will he giue his Crowne to *Balthazar*,

And make a Queene of *Belimperia*.

King. Brother, how like you this our Vice-royes loue?

Cast. No doubt (my Lord) it is an argument

Of honourable care to keepe his Friend,

And wondrous zeale to *Balthazar* his Sonne;

Nor am I least indebted to his Grace,

I hat bendes his liking to my Daughter thus.

Emb. Now last (dread Lord) heere hath his Highnes sent,

(Although he send not that his Sonne returne)

His Ransome due to *Don Horatio*.

Hiero. *Horatio*; Who calles *Horatio*?

King. And well remembred, thanke his Maiestie:

Heere, see it giuen to *Horatio*.

Hiero. Iustice, O Iustice, Iustice gentle King.

King. Who is that, *Hieronimo*?

Hiero. Iustice, O Iustice: O my Sonne, my Sonne:

My Sonne, whom nought can ransom or redeme.

Lor. *Hieronimo*, you are not well aduised?

Hier.

Hiero. Away *Lorenzo*, hinder me no more,
For thou hast made me bankrupt of my blisse :
Giue mee my Sonne, you shall not ransom him.
Away, Ile rip the bowels of the earth,

Hee diggeth with his Dagger.

And ferrie ouer to the *Elizian* plaines,
And bring my Sonne to shew his deadly woundes
Stand from about mee, Ile make a Pick-axe of my Poniard,
And heere surrender vp my Marshallship :
For Ile goe Marshall vp my Feendes in Hell,
To be auenged on you all, for this.

King. What meanes this outrage,
Will none of you restraine his furie

Hiero. Nay soft and faire, you shall not need to strue:
Needes must he goe, that the Diuels drive.

King. What accident hath hapt to *Hieronimo*?
I haue not scene him to demeane him so,

Lor. My gracious Lord he is with extreame pride,
Conceined of young *Horatio* his Sonne :
And couctous of hauing to himselfe,
The Ransome of the young Prince *Balthazar*,
Distract, and in a manner lunaticke.

King. Belceue mee Nephew we are sorie for't.
This is the loue that Fathers beare their Sonnes :
But gentle Brother, goe giue to him this Gold,
The Princes Ransome, let him haue his due,
For what he hath, *Horatio* shall not want,
Happily *Hieronimo* hath need thereof.

Lor. But if he be thus haplesse distract,
Tis requisite his office be resign'd,
And giuen to one of more discretion.

King. We shall increase his melancholy so,
Tis best we see further in it first :
Till when, our selfe will exempt the place.
And brother, now bring in the Embassadour,
That he may be a witnesse of the match :
Twixt *Balthazar* and *Belimperia*,
And that we may prefixe a certaine time,

Wher-

Wherein the Marriage shall be solemnized, and so it is I will
That we may haue thy Lord the Vice-roy heere on hand
Emb. Therein your Highnesse highly shall content you
His Maiestie, that longes to heare from hence.

King. On then, & heare your Lord Embassador.
Enter Iaquus and Pedro.

Iaq. I wonder *Pedro*, why our Maister thus,
At midnight sendes vs with our Torches light,
When Man and Bird and Beast are all at rest,
Saue those that watch for Rape and bloody Murder?

Ped. O *Iaquus*, know thou that our Maisters minde
Is much distraught since his *Horatio* died:
And now his aged yeares should sleepe in rest,
His heart in quiet; like a desperat man,
Growes ludaticke and childish, for his Sonne
Sometimes as he doth at his Table sit,
He speaks as if *Horatio* stood by him;
Then starting in a rage, fallies on the earth,
Cryes out *Horatio*, Where is my *Horatio*?
So that with extreme griefe and ouer sorrow,
There is no left in him one inch of Man
See, heere he comes.

Enter Hieronimo.

Hier. I pry through euery crevice of each Wall,
Looke at each Tree, and search through euery Brake,
Beate on the Bushes, stampe our grandame Earth,
Dive in the Water, and stare vp to Heauen;
Yet cannot I behold my Sonne *Horatio*;
How now, Who's there, Sprights, Sprights?

Ped. We are your Seruants that attend you Sir.

Hier. What make you with your Torches in the dark?

Ped. You bid vs light them, and attend you heere.

Hier. No, no, you are decei'd, not I, you are decei'd:
Was I so madde to bid you light your Torches now?
Light me your Torches at the mid of noone;
When as the Sun-god rides in all his glory,
Light me your Torches then.

Ped. Then we burne day-light.

H.

Hier.

Hier. Let it be burnt, Night is a murderous flut,
That would not haue her treasons to be seene;
And yonder pale-fac'd Hee cat there the Moone,
Doth gine consent to that is done in darknesse:
And all those Starres that gaze vpon her face,
Are Aglets on her Sleene, Pinnes on her Train:
And those that should be powerfull and diuine,
Doe sleepe in darknesse, when they most should shine.

Ped. Prouoke them not (faire sir) with tempting words,
The Heauens are gracious, and your miseries and sorrow,
Makes you speake you know not what.

Hier. Villaine, thou lyest; and thou doest nought
But tell mee, I am madde: thou lyest, I am not madde.
I know thee to be *Pedro*, and hee *Iaghes*.
He prooue it to thee; and were I madde, how could I
Where was shee the same night, when my *Horatio* was murdered?
She should haue shone: Search thou the Booke: (grace)
Had the Moone shone in my Boyes face: (there was a kind of
That I know) nay, I doe know had the murderer seene him,
His weapon would haue fall'd and cut the Earth:
Had he been framde of naught but blood and death:
Alacke, when Mischiefe doth it knowes not what,
What shall we say to Mischiefe?

Enter Isabella.

Isa. Deare *Hieronimo*, come in a doores,
O seeke not meanes so to increase thy sorrow.

Hier. Indeed *Isabella*, we doe nothing heere,
I doe not cry, aske *Pedro*, and aske *Iaghes*:
Not I indeed, wee are very merry, very merry.

Isa. How? be merry heere, be merry heere.
Is not this the place, and this the very Tree,
Where my *Horatio* died, where he was murdered?

Hier. Was, doe not say what: let her weepe it out.
This was the Tree, I set it of a Kirnell,
And when our hot *Spaine* could not let it grow,
But that the Infant and the humaine sappe
Began to wither; duely twice a morning,
Would I be sprinkling it with fountaine Water:

At last it grew and grew, and bore and bore,
Till at the length it grew a Gallows, & did beare our Sonney,
It bore thy fruite and mine: O wicked, wicked Plant.

One knockes within at the doore.

See who knockes there.

Pedro. It is a Painter fir.

Hier. Bid him come in, and paint some comfort,
For surely there's none liues, but painted comfort:
Let him come in, one knowes not what may chaunce:
Gods will, that I should set this Tree.

But euen so maisters, vngratefull seruants, reard from nought,
And then they hate them, that did bring them vp.

Enter the Painter.

Paint. God blesse you fir:

Hier. Wherefore? Why, thou scornfull Villaine?
How, where, or by what meanes should I be blest?

Isa. What wouldst thou haue good fellow?

Paint. Iustice, Madam.

Hier. O ambitious Beggar, wouldst thou haue that,
That liues not in the world?

Why, all the vndelied Mynes cannot buy in bloud.

An ounce of Iustice, tis a Iewell so inestimable:

I tell thee, God hath ingrossed all Iustice in his hands,

And there is none, but what comes from him.

Pain. O then I see, that God must right me for my murdered

Hier. How, was thy Sonne murdered?

Pain. I fir: no man did hold a Sonne so deare.

Hier. What, not as thine? that's a lye.

As massie as the Earth, I had a Sonne.

Whose least vnualued Haire did waigh

A thousand of thy Sonnes: and he was murdered.

Pain. Alas fir, I had no more but hee.

Hier. Nor I, nor I: But this same one of mine,

Was worth a legion: but all is one.

Pedro, Iaques: goe in a doores *Isabella* goe

And this good fellow heere, and I,

Will range this hidious Orchard vp and downe,

Like to two Lyons reaued of their young.

Goe in a doores. I say. *The Painter and he sits downe.*
Come, lets talke wisely now. O : mine and mine
Was thy Sonne murdered?

Pain. I sir.

Hier. So was mine.

How doe'st take it? Art thou not some time madde?

Is there no trickes that comes before thine eyes?

Pain. O Lord, yes sir.

Hier. Art a Painter? Canst paint me a Teare, or a Wound?
A Groane, or a Sigh? Canst paint me such a Tree as this?

Pain. Sir, I am sure you have heard of my painting:
My name's *Bazardo*.

Hier. *Bazardo*, afore-God an excellent fellow. Looke you sir
Doe you see, I'de have you paint me my Gallerie
In your Oyle cullours matted: and draw me five
Yeares younger then I am. Doe you see sir, let five
Yeares agoe: Let them goe like the Marshall of Spaine,
My wife *Isabella* standing by me,
With a speaking looke to my Sonne *Horatio*,
Which should intend to this, or some such like purpose,
God blesse thee my sweete sonne; and my hand leaning vpon
his head thus: doe you see? may it be done?

Pain. Very well sir.

Hier. Nay, I pray mark mee sir:
Then sir, would I have you paint off this tree, this very tree,
Canst paint a whole story?

Pain. Seemingly sir.

Hier. Nay, it should cry: but all is one.
Well sir, paint me a youth run thorow and thorow with vil-
laines swords, hanging vpon this tree?
Canst thou draw a Murderer?

Pain. Ile warrant you sir,
I have the patterne of the most notorious Villaines,
That euer liued in all Spaine.

Hier. O, let them be worse, worse: stretch thine Art,
And let their beards be of *Judas* his owne cullour:
And let their eye-browes in thy other in any case obserue that.

Then fir, after some violent noyse,
Bring me foorth in my shirt, and my gowne vnder mine arme,
With my Torch in my hand, and my sword reared vp thus:
And with these wordes.

What noyse is this? he calles Hieronimo?

May it be done?

Paint. Yea fir.

Hie. Well fir, then bring me foorth, bring me through allie
and allie, still with a distracted countenaunce going along,
and let my haire heaue vp my night-cap.

Let the Clowdes scowle, make the Moone darke, the Starres
extinct, the windes blowing, the Belles rowling, the Owle
shrieking, the Toades croking, the Minutes ierring, and the
Clocke striking twelue.

And then at last fir, starting, behold a man hanging: And tot-
tring, and tottring as you know the winde will weaue a
man, and I with a trice to cut him downe.

And looking vpon him by the aduantage of my Torch, finde
it to be my sonne *Horatio*.

There you may a passion, there you may shew a passion.

Draw mee like old *Priam* of *Troy*.

Crying, the house is a fire, the house is a fire,

As the Torch ouer thy head. Make mee curse,

Make me raue, make me cry, make me mad.

Make me well againe, make me curse Hell,

Inuocate and in the ende, leaue me

In a traunce, and so foorth.

Paint. And is this the end.

Hie. O no, there is no end: the end is death and madnesse.

As I am neuer better then when I am mad,

Then me thinkes I am a braue fellow.

Then I doe wonders: But reason abuseth me,

And there's the torment, there's the hell:

At the last, fir, bring me to one of the Murderers,

Were he as strong as *Hector*, thus would I

Teare and dragge him vp and downe.

He beates the painter in, then comes out againe,

with a Booke in his hand.

Vindicta mihi.

I, Heaven will be reueng'd of euey ill,
Nor will they suffer Murder vnrepayde:
Then stay *Hieronimo*, attend their will,
For mortall men may not appoynt a time.

Per scelus semper tutum est sceleribus iter.

Strike, and strike home, where wrong is offered thee,
For evils vnto ils conductors bee:

And death's the worst of resolution:

For hee that thinkes with Patience to contend

To quiet life, his life shall easily end,

Fatasti miseros iuuant habes salutem,

Futasti vitam negant, habes sepulchrum.

If Destinie thy *Cheries* doe ease,

Then hast thou Health, and happy shalt thou bee:

If Destinie deny thee life *Hieronimo*,

Yet shalt thou be assured of a Tombe:

If neither, yet let this thy comfort be,

Heauen couereth him that hath no buriall:

And to conclude, I will reuenge his death:

But how? not as the vulgar wittes of men,

With open, but ineuitable ils:

As by a secret, yet a certaine meane,

Which vnder kindship will be cloaked best:

Wisemen will take their oportunitie,

Closely, and safely fitting things to time:

But in extreames, Vantage hath on time.

And therefore all times fit not for Reuenges:

Thus therefore will I rest me in vnrest,

Dissembling quiet, in ynquietnesse:

Not seeming that I know their villanies,

That my simplicitie may make them thinke,

That ignorantly, I will let it slip:

For ignorance I wot, and well they know,

Remedium malorum iners est.

Nor ought auales it mee to menace them:

Who, as a Wintry Rorke, vpon a Plaine,

Will beare me downe with their Nobilitie.

No, no, *Hieronimo*; thou must enioyne
Thine Eyes to obseruation, and thy Tongue
To milder speeches then thy Spirits affoord:
Thy Heart to patience, and thy Hands to rest:
Thy Cappe to curtesie, and thy Knece to bow,
Till to reuenge, thou know when, where, and how.

A noyse within.

How now, What noyse? What coyle is that you keepe?

Enter a Seruant.

Ser. Heere are a sort of poore Petitioners,
That are importunate, and it shall please you sir,
That you should plead their Cases to the King.

Hier. That I should plead their seuerall Actions?
Why let them enter, and let mee see them.

Enter three Cittizens, and an old man.

1. So, I tell you this, for Learning and for Law,
There's not any Aduocate in *Spaine*,
That can preuaile, or will take halfe the paine,
That hee will, in pursute of equitie.

Hier. Come neere, you men that thus importune mee,
(Now must I beare a face of grauitie)
For this I vsde before my Marshallship,
To plead in causes as *Corriegdor*,
Come on sirs, What's the matter?

2. Sir, an Action.

Hier. Of Batterie?

1. Mine of Debt.

Hier. Giue place.

2. No sir, mine is an action of the Case.

3. Mine an Eiction *Firma* by Lease.

Hier. Content you sirs, Are you determined
That I should plead your seuerall Actions?

1. I sir, and heere's my Declaration.

2. And heere is my Band.

3. And heere is my Lease.

They giue him Papers.

Hier. But wherefore stand you silly man, so mute,
With mournetull eyes, and hands, to Heauen vpreard?
Come hither Father, let me know thy Cause?

Senex.

Senex. O worthy Sir, my cause but slightly knowne,
May moue the hearts of warlike Myrmidons,
And melt the corlick Rockes with ruthfull teares.

Hier. Say Father, tell mee, what's thy fate?

Senex. No sir, could my Woer,
Giue way vnto my most distressed Words,
Then should I not in Paper, (as you see)
With Incke bewray, what Blood began in mee.

Hier. What's heere? *The humble Supplication,*
of Don Bazulto for his murdered Sonne.

Senex. I sir.

Hier. No sir, it was my murdered Sonne, Oh my Sonne,
Oh my Sonne, Oh my Sonne *Horatio.*

But mine, or thine *Bazulto*, be content:

Heere take my Handkercher and wipe thine eyes,

Whiles wretched I, in thy mishaps may see

The liuely portraict of my dying selfe.

He draweth out a bloody Napkin.

O no nor this, *Horatio* this was thine,

And when I did it in thy dearest Blood,

This was a token twixt thy soule and mee,

That of thy death, reuenged I should bee.

But heere, take this, and this: what my Purse?

I this, and that, and all of them are thine:

For all as one, are our extremities.

1. Oh, see the kindnesse of *Hieronimo*,

This gentlenesse shewes him a Gentleman.

Hier. See see, Oh see thy shame *Hieronimo*,

See heere a louing Father to his Sonne:

Behold the sorrowes and the sad lament

That he deliuered for his Sonnes deceasse

If loue effects so strides in lesser thinges,

If loue enforce such moodes in meaner wittes,

If loue expresse such power in poore estates:

Hieronimo, when as a raging Sea,

Tost with the winde and tide, ore-turnest then

The vpper billowes course of waues to keepe,

Whilst lesser waters labour in the deepe:

Then

Then shamest thou not *Hieronimo*, to neglect
 The swift reuenge of thy *Horatio*?
 Though on this earth Iustice will not be found,
 Ile downe to Hell, and in this passion,
 Knocke at the dismall gates of *Plutos* Court,
 Getting by force (as once *Alcides*)
 A troupe of Furies, and tormenting Haggies,
 To torture *Don Lorenzo* and the rest.
 Yet least the triple headed Porter should
 Denie my passage to the slimie Strond,
 The *Thracian* Poet thou shalt counterfaite:
 Come old Father, be my *Orphens*,
 And if thou canst no notes vpon the Harpe,
 Then sound the burden of the sore hearts grieffe,
 Till we do gaine, that *Proserpine* may graunt
 Reuenge on them that murdered my Sonne.
 Then will I rent and teare them thus, and thus,
 Shiuering their limmes in peeces with my teeth.

Teare the Papers.

1 O sir my Declaration.

Exit Hieronimo, and they after.

2 Sauemy Bond.

Enter Hieronimo.

2 Sauemy Bond.

3 Alas my Lease, it cost me ten pound,
 And you (my Lord) haue torne the same.

Hier. That can not be, I gaue them neuer a Wound,
 Shew me one drop of Blood fall from the same:
 How is it possible I should slay it then?
 Tush no, run after, catch me if you can.

Exeunt all but the old man.

*Bazulto remayes till Hieronimo Enters againe, who
 staring him in the face, speaketh.*

Hier. And art thou come *Horatio*, from the deapth,
 To aske for Iustice in this vpper Earth,
 To tell thy Father thou art vnruegde,
 To wring more teares from *Isabellas* eyes:
 Whose Lights are dim'd with ouer-long laments.

Goe backe my Sonne, complaine to *Eacus*,
For heere's no Iustice; gentle Boy be gone:
For Iustice is exiled from the Earth.

Hieronimo will beare thee company.

Thy Mother cries on righteous *Radamant*,
For iust Reuenge against the Murderers.

Senex. Alas (my L.) whence springs this troubled speech?

Hier. But let mee looke on my *Horatio*:

Sweete Boy, art thou chang'd in Deaths blacke shade,
Had *Proserpine* no pittie on thy youth,
But suffered thy faire crimson culloured Spring,
With withered Winter, to be blasted thus?

Horatio, thou art elder then thy Father:

Ah, ruthlesse Father, that fauour thus transformes.

Baz. Ah my good Lord, I am not your young Sonne.

Hier. What, not my Sonne, thou then a Furie art,
Sent from the emptie Kingdome of blacke Night,
To summon me to make appearance

Before grim *Minos* and iust *Radamant*,

To plague *Hieronimo* that is remisse,

And seekes not vengeance for *Horatio*'s death.

Baz. I am a greued man, and not a Ghost,
That came for Iustice for my murdered Sonne.

Hier. I, now I know thee, now thou namest my Sonne:

Thou art the liuely image of my grieffe,

Within thy Face my sorrowes I may see:

Thy Eyes are dim'd with teares, thy Cheekes are wan:

Thy Forehead troubled, and thy muttring Lips

Murmure sad words abruptly broken off,

By force of windy sighes thy Spirit breathes,

And all this sorrow riseth for thy Sonne:

And selfe same sorrow feele I for my Sonne.

Come in old man, thou shalt to *Isabel*,

Leane on my arme: I thee, thou mee, shalt stay,

And thou, and I, and shee, will sing a Song:

Three partes in one: but all of discords fram'd:

Talke not of Cords, but let vs now be gone,

For with a Cord *Horatio* was flaine.

Exeunt.

Enter

*Enter King of Shaine, the Duke, Vice-roy, and Lorenzo,
Balthazar, Don Pedro, and Belimperia.*

King. Goe Brother, tis the Duke of *Castiles* cause,
Salute the *Vice-roy* in our name.

Cas. I goe.

Vice. Goe forth *Don Pedro*, for thy Nephewes sake,
And greete the Duke of *Castile*.

Ped. It shall be sir.

King. And now to meete the *Portingales*,
For as we now are, so sometimes were these,
Kinges and Commaunders of the *Westerne Indies*.
Wel-come (braue *Vice-roy*) to the Court of *Spaine*,
And wel-come all his Honourable traine.

Tis not vnknowne to vs, for why you come,
Or haue so kingly crost the Seas :

Sufficed it in this, we note the troth,
And more then common loue you lend to vs.

So is it that mine honorable Neece :

For it beseemes vs now that it be knowne,

Alreadie is betroth'd to *Balthazar* :

And by appoyntment, and our condiscant,

To morrow are they to be marryed.

To this intent we entertaine thy selfe,

Thy followers their pleasure, and our peace,

Speake men of *Portingale*, shall it be so,

If I, say so : if not, say flatly no ;

Vice. Renowmed King, I come not as thou thinkst,

With doubtfull followers, vnresolved men,

But such as haue vpon thine Articles

Confirmed thy motion, and contented me.

Know Soueraigne, I come to solemnize

The marriage of thy beloued Neece,

Faire *Belimperia* with my *Balthazar*.

With thee my Sonne, whom fith I liue to see :

Heere take my Gowne, I giue it her and thee :

And let me liue a solitarie life,

In ceaselesse Prayers,

To thinke how strangely Heauen hath thee preserued.

The Spanish Tragedy
King. See Brother see, how Nature striues in him,
Come worthy *Vice-roy*, and accompanie
Thy friend, with thine extremities :
A place more priuate fits this princely mood.

Vice. Or heere, or where your Highnesse thinke it good.

Exeunt all but Cas. and Lor.

Cas. Nay stay *Lorenzo*, let mee talke with you:
Seest thou this entertainment of these *Kings*?

Lor. I doe my Lord, and ioy to see the same.

Cas. And knowest thou why this meeting is?

Lor. For her (my Lord) whom *Balthazar* doth loue,
And to confirme their promised Mariage.

Cas. Shee is thy Sister?

Lor. Who, *Belimperia*? I my gracious Lord :
And this is the day that I haue longd so happily to see.

Cas. Thou wouldst be loth that any fault of thine,
Should intercept her in her happinesse.

Lor. Heauens will not let *Lorenzo* erre so much.

Cas. Why then *Lorenzo* listen to my words:

It is suspected, and reported too,

That thou *Lorenzo* wrongst *Hieronimo*,

And in his suites towards his Maestie,

Still keeps him backe, & seekes to crosse his suite.

Lor. That I, my Lord?

Cas. I tell thee Sonne, my selfe haue heard it said
When (to my sorrow) I haue been ashamed

To answere for thee, though thou art my Sonne.

Lorenzo, knowst thou not the common loue,

And kindnesse that *Hieronimo* hath wonne

By his desertes, within the Court of Spaine?

Or seest thou not the King my brothers care,

In his behalfe, and to procure his health?

Lorenzo, shouldst thou thwart his passions,

And hee exclaime against thee to the King,

What honour wert in this assemblie,

Or what a scandale wert among the Kings,

To heare *Hieronimo* exclaime on thee?

Tell mee, and looke thou tell mee truly,

Whence

Whence growes the ground of this report in Court.

Lor. My Lord, it lies not in *Lorenzo's* power
To stoppe the vulgar liberall of their tongues:
A small aduantage makes a Water-breach;
And no man liues, that long contenteth all.

Cas. My selfe haue seene thee busie to keepe backe
Him, and his Supplications from the King.

Lor. Your selfe my L. haue seene his Passions,
That ill beseemd the presence of a King:
And for I pittied him in his distresse,
I held him thence with kind and courtious words,
As free from malice to *Hieronimo*,
As to my soule, my Lord.

Cas. *Hieronimo* (my Sonne) mistakes thee then?

Lor. (My gracious Father, beleue me) so he doth.
But what's a fillie man distract in minde,
To thinke vpon the murder of his Sonne?
Alas, how easie is it for him to erre?
But for his satisfaction and the worlds,
Twere good (my Lord) that *Hieronimo* and I,
Were reconcild, if he misconster mee.

Cas. *Lorenzo*, thou hast said, it shall be so,
Goe one of you and call *Hieronimo*.

Enter Balthazar and Belimperia.

Bal. Come *Belimperia*, *Balthazar's* content,
My sorrowes ease, and soueraigne of my blisse,
Sith Heauen hath ordaind thee to be mine,
Disperse those Clouds and melancholy Lookes,
And cheare them vp with those thy sun-bright eyes,
Wherein my hope and heauens faire beautie lies.

Bel. My lookes (my Lord) are fitting for my loue,
Which new begun, can shew no brighter yet.

Bal. New kindled flames should burne as morning Sunne

Bel. But not too fast, least heate and all be done.
I see my Lord my Father.

Bal. Truce my Lones; I will goe salute him.

Cas. Welcome *Balthazar*, welcome braue Prince,
The Pledge of *Castiles* peace:

And welcome *Belimperia* : How now girle?
Why comdest thou sadly to salute vs thus?
Content thy selfe, for I am satisfied,
It is not now as when *Andrea* liu'd,
We haue forgotten and forgiven that,
And thou art graced with a happier Loue,
But *Balthazar*, heere comes *Hieronimo*,
He haue a word with him.

Enter Hieronimo and a Seruant

Hiero. And wher's the Duke?

Ser. Yonder.

Hiero. Euen so : what new device haue they deuised tro:
Pocas Palabras, milde as the Lambe,
Ist I will be reuengde? no, I am not the man.

Cas. Welcome *Hieronimo*.

Lor. Welcome *Hieronimo*.

Bal. Welcome *Hieronimo*.

Hiero. My Lords, I thanke you for *Horatio*.

Cas. *Hieronimo*, the reason that I sent
To speake with you, is this.

Hiero. What, so short?
Then Ile begon, I thanke you for't.

Cas. Nay, stay *Hieronimo* : goe call him sonne.

Lor. *Hieronimo*, my father craues a word with you.

Hiero. With me sir? why my L. I thought you had done.

Lor. No, would he had.

Cas. *Hiero*, I heare you find your selfe agreued at my Son.
Because you haue not accesse vnto the King :
And say tis hee that intercepts your suites.

Hiero. Why is not this a Miserable thing my Lord?

Cas. *Hieronimo*, I hope you haue no cause,
And would beloth that one of your desertes,
Should once haue reason to suspect my Sonne,
Considering how I thinke of you my selfe.

Hiero. Your Sonne *Lorenzo*, whom my noble Lord,
The hope of *Spaine*, mine honorable friend?
Graunt me the combat of them, if they dare.

Drawes out his sword.

He meete him face to face to tell me so
These be the scandalous reportes of such
As loues not mee, and hate my Lord too much,
Should I suspect *Lorenzo* would preuent,
Or crosse my suite, that loued my Sonne so well?
My Lord, I am ashamed it should be said.

Lor. *Hieronimo*, I neuer gaue you cause,

Hiero. My good Lord, I know you did not.

Cas. There pause, and for the satisfaction of the world,
Hieronimo frequent my homely house,
The Duke of Castile *Cipriano* ancient seate,
And when thou wilt, vse me, my sonne, and it:
But heere before Prince *Balthazar* and me,
Embrace each other, and be perfect friends.

Hier. I may, my Lord and shall.
Friendes (quoth he) see, Ile be friendes with you all:
Specially with you my lovely Lord,
For diuers causes it is fit for vs,
That we be friendes, the world is suspicious,
And men may thinke what we imagine not.

Bal. Why this is friendly done *Hieronimo*.

Lor. And that I hope old grudges are forgot?

Hier. What else, it were a shaine it should not be so.

Cas. Come on *Hieronimo*, at my request,
Let vs entreat your company to day. *Exeunt.*

Hiero. Your Lordshipes to commaund,

Tha: Keepe your way.

Mi, chimisfa? Pui Correza? (he non sult

Tradita niba otrade vlc. *Exit.*

Enter Ghost and Reuenge.

Ghost.

Awake *Erietha*, *Cerberus* awake,

Solicite *Pluto* gentle *Proserpine*,

To combat *Achiron* and *Erichur* in hell,

For need by *Stix*, and *Phlegeton*:

Nor ferried *Caron* to the fire lakes,

Such fearefull fights, as poore *Andrea* sees

Reuenge, awake. *Reuenge*

Ghost. Awake *Reuenge*, for thou art ill aduise,
To sleepe, away : What, art warnd to watch?

Reuen. Content thy selfe, and doe not trouble mee.

Ghost. Awake *Reuenge*, If *Loue*, as *Lone* hath had,
Haue yet the power or preuaylance in Hell :

Hieronimo with *Lorenzo* is ioynd in league,
And intercepts our passage to reuenge:

Awake *Reuenge*, or we are woe begone.

Re. Thus worldlings ground what they haue dreamd vpon
Content thy selfe *Andrea*, though I sleepe,

Yet is my mood solliciting their foules :

Sufficeth thee that poore *Hieronimo*

Cannot forget his Sonne *Horatio*.

Nor dies *Reuenge*, although he sleepe awhile,

For in vnquiet, quietnesse is found,

And slumbring is a common worldly wile:

Behold *Andrea* for an instance, how

Reuenge hath slept; and then imagine thou,

What tis to be subiect to destinie.

Enter a dumbe shew.

Ghost. Awake *Reuenge*, reuale this mysterie.

Reuen. The two first, the nuptiall Torches bore,

As bright burning as the myd-dayes Sunne:

But after them, doth *Himen* hie as fast,

Clothed in Sable and a Saffron robe,

And blowes them out, and quencheeth them with blood,

As discontent that thinges continue so.

Ghost. Sufficeth mee, thy meaning's vnderstood,

And thanks vnto thee, and those infernall powers,

That will not tollerate a Louers woe:

Rest thee, for I will sit to see the rest.

Reuen. Thus argue not, for thou hast thy request. *Exeunt.*

ACTVS QVARTVS.

Enter Belimperia and Hieronimo.

Bel. [S this the loue thou bearest *Horatio*?

Is this the kindnesse that thou counterfaistes?

Are

Are these the fruites of thine incessant teares?

Hieronimo, are these thy passions,

Thy protestations, and thy deepe laments,

That thou wert wont to weary men withall?

O vnkind Father! O deceitfull World!

With what excuses canst thou shew thy selfe

With what dishonour, and the hate of men,

From this dishonour and the hate of men,

Thus to neglect the life and losse of him,

Whom both my Letters, and thine owne belife

Assures thee, to be causelesse slaughtered?

Hieronimo, for shame *Hieronimo*,

Be not a Historie to after times,

Of such ingratitude vnto thy Sonne:

Vnhappy Mother of such Children then:

But monstrous Father, to forget so soone

The death of those, whom they with care and cost,

Haue tendred so, thus carelesse, should be lost.

My selfe a Stranger, in respect of thee:

So loued his life, as still I wish their deaths:

Nor shall his death be vntreug'd by mee,

Although I beare it out for fashions sake,

For heere I sweare, in sight of Heauen and Earth,

Shouldst thou neglect the loue thou shouldst retaine,

And giue it ouer, and deuise no more,

My selfe should send their hateful soules to Hell,

That wrought his downefall, with extreamest death.

Hier. But may it be that *Belimperia*,

Vowes such reuenge as shee hath daind to say?

Why then I see that Heauen applies our drift,

And all the Saintes doe sit soliciting,

For vengeance on those cursed Murderours.

Madame tis true, and now I find it so:

I found a Letter written in your name,

And in that Letter, how *Horatio* dyed.

Pardon, O pardon *Belimperia*,

My feare and care in not beleeuing it,

Northinke, I thoughtlesse thinke vpon a meane,

To let his death be vnreuengde at full:
And heere I vow, so you but giue consent,
And will conceale my resolution:
I will ere long, determine of their deaths,
That causelesse thus haue murdered my Sonne.

Bel. Hieronimo, I will consent conceale,
And ought that may effect for thine auail,
Ioyne with thee to reuenge *Horatios* death.

Hiero. Oh then, whatsoeuer I deuise,
Let me intreat you grace my practises:
For why, the plot's already in my head,
Heere they are.

Enter Balthazar and Lorenzo.

Bal. How now *Hieronimo*: What, courting *Bolinperia*?

Hiero. I my Lord, such courting, as I promise you
She hath my heart; but you my Lord, haue hers.

Lor. But now *Hieronimo*, we are to intreat your helpe.

Hie. My helpe? why my good Lords, assure your selues of me
For you haue giuen me cause, I by my honour haue you.

Bal. It pleas'd you at th'entertainment of the Embassadour,
To grace the King so much as with a Shew:
Now were your Studie so well furnished,
As for the passing of the first nights sport
To entertaine my Father with the like:
Or any such like pleasing motion,
Assure your selfe it would content them well?

Hiero. Is this all?

Bal. I, this is all.

Hiero. Why then Ile fit you, say no more:
When I was young, I gaue my minde,
And plyde my selfe to fruitlesse Poetrie:
Which though it profit the professor naught,
Yet is it passing pleasing to the World.

Lor. And how for that?

Hiero. Marry (my good Lord) thus:
And yet mee thinkes you are too quicke with vs.
When in *Tolledo*, there I studied,
It was my chaunce to write a Tragedie,

See heere my Lords, *He shewesthem a Booke.*

Which long forgot, I found this other day :

Now would your Lordships fauour mee so much,

As but to grace mee with your acting it,

I meane, each one of you to play a part :

Assure you, it will proue most passing strange,

And wondrous plausible to that assemblie?

Bal. What, would you haue vs play a Tragedie?

Hier. Why? *Nero* thought it no disparagment,

And Kings and Emperours haue tane delight

To make experience of their Wittes, in Playes.

Lor. Nay, be not angry, good *Hieronimo*,

The Prince but asked a question.

Bal. In fayth *Hieronimo*, and you be in earnest,

Ile make one?

Lor. And I, another.

Hier. Now (my good Lord) could you entreat

Your Sister *Belimperia* to make one,

For whats a Play without a Woman in't?

Bel. Little intreatie shall serue mee *Hieronimo*,

For I must needs be imployed in your Play.

Hier. Why this is well : I tell you Lordings,

It was determined to haue been acted

By Gentlemen, and Schollers too :

Such as could tell what to speake.

Bal. And now it shall be sayd, by Princes and Courtiers,

Such as can tell how to speake :

If (as it is our Country manner)

You will but let vs know the Argument.

Hier. That shall I roundly. The Chronicles of *Spaine*,

Record this written of a Knight of *Rhodes* :

Hee was betrothed, and wedded at the length.

To one *Perfeda*, an *Italian* Dame,

Whose Beautie rauished all that her beheld;

Especially the soule of *Soliman* :

Who at the Mariage, was the chiefeft guest :

By sundry meanes sought *Soliman* to winne

*Perfeda*s loue, and could not gaine the same:

Then gan he breake his passions to a friend,
One of his *Bashawes*, whom he held full deare,
Her had this *Bashaw* long solicited,
And saw she was not otherwise to be wonne,
But by her husbandes death: this Knight of *Rhodes*,
Whom presently by treacherie he slew.
She stirde with an exceeding hate therefore,
As cause of this, slew *Soliman*:
And to escape the *Bashawes* tyrannie.
Did stab her selfe: and this is the Tragedie,

Lor. O excellent;

Bel. But say, *Hieronimo*, What then became of him
That was the *Bashaw*?

Hie. Mary thus, mooued with remorse of his misdeedes
Ran to a mountaine top and hangd himselfe.

Bal. But which of ys is to performe that part?

Hier. O, that will I my Lords, make no doubt of it.
He play the murderer I warrant you,
For I already haue conceited that.

Bal. And what shall I?

Hie. Great *Soliman* that Turkish Emperour.

Lor. And I?

Hie. *Erasto*, the Knight of *Rhodes*.

Bel. And I?

Hie. *Perseda*, chaste, and resolute.
And heere, my Lords are seuerall abstracts drawne,
For each of you to note your partes,
And act it as occasion's offered you.
You must prouide a Turkish cappe,
A blacke mustacio, and a Fauchion. *Gives a paper to Bal.*
You, with a Crosse, like a Knight of *Rhodes*.

Gives another to Lor.

And Madame, you must attyre your selfe

Gives Bel. another.

Like *Phebe*, *Flora*, or the Huntresse,
Which to your descretion shall seeme best.
And as for me my Lords, he looke to one,
And with the Ransome that the *Vice-roy* sent,

So furnish and performe this Tragedie,
As all the world shall say *Hieronimo*
Was liberall in gracing of it so.

Bal. *Hieronimo*, me thinkes a Comedie were better.

Hier. A Comedie, fie, Comedies are fit for common wits,
But to present a Kingly troupe with-all,
Giue me a stately written Tragedie,
Tragedia cother nato, fitting Kings,
Containing matter, and not common things,
My Lords, all this must be performed,

As fitting for the first nights reuelling,
The *Italian* Tragedians were so sharpe of wit,
That in one hewers meditation,
They would performe any thing in action.

Lor. And well it may, for I haue seene the like
In *Paris*, mongst the French Tragedians.

Hier. In *Paris*, Masse and well remembred,
There's one thing more that rest's for vs to doe.

Bal. Whats that *Hieronimo*? forget not any thing:

Hier. Each one of vs must act his part,
In vnknowne languages,
That it may breed the more varietie,
As you my Lord in Latin: I, in Greeke.
You in Italian: and for because I know
That *Belimperia* hath practised the French,
In courtly French shall all her phrases be.

Bel. You meane to try my cunning then *Hieronimo*.

Bal. But this will be a meere confusion,
And hardly shall we all be vnderstood.

Hier. It must be so, for the conclusion,
Shall proue the inuention, and all was good:
And I my selfe in an Oration,
And with a strange and wonderous shew besides,
That I will haue there behinde a curtaine,
Assure your selfe shall make the matter knowen,
And all shall be concluded in one Sceane,
For there's no pleasure tane in tediousnesse.

Bal. How like you this?

Lor. Why thus my Lord, wee must resolue
To sooth his humors vp.

Bal. On then *Hieronimo*, farewell till foone.

Hiero. Youle plie this geere?

Lor. I warrant you. *Exeunt all but Hieronimo.*

Hiero. I why so: Now shall I see the fall of *Babylon*,
Wrought by the heavens in this confusion.
And if the world like not this Tragedie,
Hard is the hap of old *Hieronimo*.

Enter Isabella with a weapon.

Tell me no more, O monstrous homicide,
Since neither pietie nor pittie mooues
The King to lustice or compassion
I will reuenge my selfe vpon this place,
Where they murdered my beloued Sonne.

She cuts downe the Arbour.

Downe with these branches, and these lothsome boughes
Of this vnfortunate and fatall Pine,
Downe with them *Isabella*, rent them vp,
And burne the rootes from whence the rest is sprung,
I will not leaue a roote, a stalke, a tree,
A bough, a branch, a blossome, nor a leafe,
No, not an hearbe within this Garden plot.

Accursed complot of my miserie:
Fruitelesse for euer may this Garden be,
Barren the earth, and bleslesse who so euer
Imagines not to keepe it vnmanured.

An Easterne winde commixt with noysome ayres,
Shall blast the plants and the young Saplings,
The earth with Serpents shall be pestered,
And passengers for feare to be infect,
Shall stand a loofe, and looking at it, tell
There murdered, died the sonne of *Isabell*,
I, heere he di'd, and heere I him imbrace.

See where his Ghost sollicites with his woundes
Reuenge on her that should Reuenge his death.

Hieronimo, make haste to see thy sonne,
For Sorrow and Dispaire hath cited me,

To heare *Horatio* plead with *Radamant* :
Make hast *Hieronimo* to hold exclude
Thy negligence in pursuite of their deaths,
Whose hatefull wrath bereau'd him of his breath.
Ah ha, thou doest delay their death,
Forgiues the murderers of thy noble Sonne,
And none but I, besittme to no end:
And as I curse this tree from further fruite,
So shall my wombe be cursed for his sake:
And with this weapon will I wound the brest,
The haplesse brest that gaue *Horatio* sucke.

Enter Hieronimo, hee knockes vpon the Conuinc.
Enter the Duke of Castile.

Cast. How now *Hieronimo*, where's your fellowes?
That you take all this paine?
Hier. O sir, it is for the Authours credite
To looke that all things may goe well:
But good my L. let me intreat your Grace
To giue the King the coppie of the Play:
This is the Argument of what we shew.

Cast. I will *Hieronimo*.

Hier. One thing more my good Lord.

Cast. What's that?

Hier. Let me intreat your Grace,
That when the traine are past into the Gallerie,
You would vouchsafe to throw me downe the key.

Cast. I will *Hieronimo*.

Hier. What are you readie *Balthazar*?
Bring a Chaire and a Cushion for the King.

Enter Balthazar with a Chaire.

Well done *Balthazar*, hang vp the Tilde:
Our Sceane is *Rhodes*: what is your Beard on?

Bal. Halfe on, the other is in my hand.

Hier. Dispatch for shame, are you so long?
Bethinke thy selfe *Hieronimo*,
Recall thy wittes, recount thy former wronges,
Thou hast receined by murder of thy Sonne.

And lastly, not least, how *Isabell*,
Once his Mother, and thy dearest Wife,
All woe be-gone for him, hath flaine her selfe.
Behooues thee then *Hieronimo*, to be reueng'd.
The plot is layde of diere Reuenge:
On then *Hieronimo*, pursue Reuenges;
For nothing wants, but acting of Reuenge. *Exit Hiero.*

*Enter Spanish King, Vice-roy, Duke of Castile,
and their traine.*

King. Now *Vice-roy*, shall we see the Tragedie
Of *Soliman* the Turkish Emperour,
Performde of pleasure, by your Sonne the Prince,
My Nephew, *Don Lorenzo*, and my Neece?

Vice. Who, *Belimperia*?

King. I, and *Hieronimo* our Marshall,
At whose request they daime to doo't them-selues.
These be our pastimes in the Court of *Spain*.
Heere Brother, you shall be the Booke-keeper,
This is the Argument of that they shew. *He giues him a Booke.*

*Gentlemen, this Play of Hieronimo in sundry Languages, was
thought good to be set downe in English, more largely,
for the easier understanding to every
publique Reader.*

Enter Balhazar, Belimperia, and Hieronimo.

Balh. **B**ASTAR, that *Rhodes* is ours, yeeld it headens the honour,
And holy *Mahomet* our sacred Prophet,
And be thou grac'd with euery excellence,
That *Soliman* can giue, or thou desire.
But thy desert in conquering *Rhodes*, is lesse
Then in reseruing this faire Christian Nymph
Perfeda, blisfull Lampe of excellence,
Whose eyes compell like powerfull *Adamant*,
The warlike heart of *Soliman* to waite.

King. See *Vice-roy*, that is *Balhazar* your Sonne.
That represents the Emperour *Soliman*.
How well he actes his amorous passion.

Vice.

Vico. I, *Belimperis* hath taught him that,
Cast. That's because his minde runs all on *Belimperis*.
Hier. What euer ioy earth yeeldes, betide your Maiestie.
Bal. Earth yeeldes no ioy, without *Perseda's* loue.
Hier. Then let *Perseda* on your Garce attend.
Bal. She shall not waight on me, but I on her,
Drawne by the influence of her lightes, I yeelde me to her.
But let my friend the *Rhodian* Knight come foorth,
Erasto, dearer then my life to mee,
That he may see *Perseda* my beloued.

Enter Erasto.

King. Heere comes *Lorenzo*, looke vpon the plot,
And tell me brother, what part playes he?

Bal. Ah, my *Erasto*, welcome to *Perseda*.

Era. Thrice happie is *Erasto*, that thou liuest,
Rhodes losse is nothing to *Erasto's* ioy,
Sith his *Perseda* liues, his life suruiues.

Bal. Ah *Bastan*, heere is loue betwixt *Erasto*,
And faire *Perseda*, soneraigne of my soule.

Hier. Remoue *Erasto* mightie *Soliman*,
And then *Perseda* will be quickly wonne.

Bal. *Erasto* is my friend, and while he liues,
Perseda neuer will remooue her loue.

Hier. Let not *Erasto* liue to griue great *Soliman*.

Bal. Deare is *Erasto* in our princely eye.

Hier. But if he be your riual, let him die.

Bal. Why let him die, so loue commaundeth me,
Yet grieue I that *Erasto* should so die.

Hier. *Erasto*, *Soliman* saluteth thee,
And lets thee wit by mee, his highnesse will:
Which is, thou shouldst be thus employde.

Bal. Aye me *Erasto*, see *Soliman*, *Erasto's* gaine.

Bal. Yet liueth *Soliman* to comfort thee.
Faire *Queene* of beautie, let not fauour die,
But with a gracious eye behold his griefe,
That with *Perseda's* beautie is encreast,
If by *Perseda's* griefe be not releast.

Bal. Tyrant, desist soliciting vaine suites,
Reliefe

Relentlesse are mine eares to thy laments,
As thy butcher is pittilesse and base,
Which sceazd on my *Erasto*, harmelesse Knight,
Yet by thy power thou thinkest to commaund,
And to thy power *Perfeda*, doeth obey:
But were she able, thus, she would reuenge
Thy treacheries on thee ignoble Prince:
And on her selfe, she would be thus reueng'd.

King. Well sayd old Marshall, this was brauely done.

Hier. But *Belimperia* playes *Perfeda* well.

Vice. Were this in earnest *Belimperia*,
You would be better to my sonne then so.

King. But now what followes for *Hieronimo*?

Hier. Mary, this followes for *Hieronimo*:
Heere breake we off our sundry Languages,
And thus conclude I in our vulgar tongue
Happely you thinke, but bootelesse be your thoughts:
That this is fabulously counterfeit,
And that we doe as all Tragedians doe,
To die to day for (fashioning our Sceane)
The death of *Ajax*, or some *Romane* Peere,
And in a minute starting vp againe,
Reuiue to please to morrowes audience,
No Princes, know I am *Hieronimo*,
The hopelesse father of a haplesse sonne,
Whose tongue is turn'd to tell his latest tale,
Not to excuse grosse errors in the Play.
I see your lookes vrge instance of these wordes:
Behold the reason vrging me to this.

He shewes his dead sonne.

See heere my shew, looke on this spectable:
Heere lay my hope, and heere my hope hath end:
Heere lay my hart, and heere my hart was slaine:
Heere lay my treasure, heere my treasure lost:
Heere lay my blisse, and heere my blisse bereft:
But hope, hart, treasure, ioy, and blisse,
All fled, failde, dyed, yea all decayde with this.
From foorth these woundes came breath that gaue me life:

They

They murdered me that made these fatall markes :
 The cause was loue, whence grew this mortall hate :
 The hate, *Lorenzo* and yound *Balthazar* :
 The loue, my sonne to *Belimperia* :
 But night, the a couer of accursed crimes,
 With pitchie silence hush't the traytors harmes,
 And lent them leaue, for they had sorted leasure,
 To take aduantage in my Garden plot,
 Vpon my Sonne, my deare *Horatio* :
 There mercilesse they Butchered vp my Boy, mid loane of
 In blacke darke night, to pale dim cruell Death :
 Hee shrikes, I heard, and yet mee thinkes I heare
 His dismall outcrie eccho in the ayre :
 With soonest speed I hasted to the noyse,
 Where hanging on a tree I found my Sonne,
 Through girt with woundes, and slaughtered as you see :
 And greened, I (thinke you) at this spectacle ?
 Speake *Portingales*, whose losse resemble mine,
 If thou canst weepe vpon thy *Balthazar*,
 Tis like I waild for my *Horatio*.
 And you my Lord, whose reconciled sonne,
 Marcht in a Net, and thought himselfe vnscene,
 And rated me for braine-sicke lunacie :
 Which God amende, that mad *Hieronimo*,
 How can you brooke our Playes Catastrophe
 And heere behold this bloodie Hand-kercher,
 Which at *Horatio's* death, I (weeping) dipt
 Within the riuer of his bleeding woundes :
 Is as propitious : see, I haue reserued,
 And neuer hath it left my bloodie hart,
 Soliciting remembrance of my Vow :
 With these, O these accursed murderers,
 Which now performde, my hart is satisfied :
 And to this end, the *Bashaw* I became,
 That might reuenge me on *Lorenzo's* life,
 Who therefore was appoynted to the part,
 And was to represent the Knight of *Rhodes*,
 That I might kill him more conueniently.

So Vice-roy, was this *Balthazar* thy Sonne,
That *Soliman*, which *Belimperia*
In person of *Perfeda* murdered:
Solely appoynted to that tragicke part,
That she might slay him that offended her:
Poore *Belimperia* mist her part in this,
For though the *Storie* sayth, she should haue died,
Yet I of kindnesse, and of care to her,
Did otherwise determine of her end.
But loue of him (whom they did hate too much)
Did vrge her resolution to be such.
And Princes, now behold *Hieronimo*,
Author, and Actor, in this Tragedie:
Bearing his latest fortune in his fist:
And will as resolute conclude his part,
As any of the Actors gone before.
And Gentles, thus I end my Play.
Vrge no more words, I haue no more to say.

He runnes to hang himselfe.

King. O hearken *Vice-roy*, hold *Hieronimo*.
Brother, my Nephew and thy Sonne are slaine.

Vice. We are betrayde, my *Balthazar* is slaine.
Breake ope the doores; run, saue *Hieronimo*.

They breake in and hold Hieronimo.

Hieronimo, doe but informe the *King* of these euentcs,
Vpon mine honour thou shalt haue no harme.

Hier. *Vice-roy*, I will not trust thee with my life,
Which I this day haue offered to my Sonne:
Accursed wretch, why stai'st thou him that was resolut to die.

King. Speake traytor, damned bloody murderer speake,
For now I haue thee, I will make thee speake:
Why hast thou done this vnderferuing deed?

Vice. Why hast thou murdered my *Balthazar*?

Cast. Why hast thou Butchered both my children thus?

Hier. But are you sure that they are dead?

Cast. I slaine, too sure.

Hier. What, and yours too?

Vice. I, all are dead; not one of them suruiue.

Hier.

Hier. Nay then I care not: come, and we shall be friends.
Let vs lay our heades together:

See, heere's a goodly nooze will hold them all.

Vice. O damned Deuill, how secure he is.

Hier. Secure, why dost thou wonder at it?
I tell thee *Vice-roy*, this day I haue scene reueng'd,
And in that fight, am growne a prouder Monarch.
Then euer fate vnder the Crowne of *Spain*:
Had I as many liues as there be Starres,
As many Heauens to go to, as those liues,
Ide giue them all, I and my soule to boote,
But I would see thee ride in this red poole.

Cast. Speake, Who were thy confederates in this?

Vice. That was thy Daughter *Belimperia*,
For by her hand my *Balthazar* was slaine:
I saw her stab him.

Hier. O good wordes: as deare to me was my *Horatio*,
As yours, or yours, or yours my L. to you.
My guiltlesse Sonne was by *Lorenza* slaine,
And by *Lorenzo*, and that *Balthazar*,
Am I at last reuenged thorowly.
Vpon whose soules may Heauehs be yet reuenged
With greater farre, then these afflictions.

Mee thinkes since I grew inward with *Reuenge*,
I cannot looke with scorne enough on Death.

King. What, dost thou mocke vs, slaule, bring torturs forth.

Hier. Doe, doe, doe; and meane time Ile torture you?

You had a Sonne (as I take it) and your Sonne
Should ha'e been married to your daughter? ha, wast not so?
You had a Sonne too, he was my Lieges Nephew:
Hee was proud and pollicicke: had hee liued,
He might a come to weare the Crowne of *Spain*.
I thinke twas so: twas I that killed him,
Looke you this same hand, twas it that stab'd
His hart, doe ye see this hand,
For one *Horatio*, if you euer knew him?
A youth, one that they hanged vp in his fathers Garden:
One that did force your valiant Sonne to yeelde,

While your valiant Sonne did take him prisoner.

Vice. Be deafe my Sences; I can heare no more.

King. Fall Heauen, and couer vs with thy sad ruines.

Cas. Rowle all the World within thy pitchy cloude.

Hier. Now doe I applaude what I haue acted.

Nunc mercede manus.

Now to expresse the rupture of my part,
First, take my Tongue, and afterward my Heart.

Hee bites out his Tongue.

King. O monstrous resolution of a Wretch:
See *Vice-roy*, he hath bitten foorth his Tongue,
Rather then to reueale what wee requird.

Cas. Yet can hee Write,

King. And if in this he satisfie vs not,
Wee will deuise th'extremest kind of death,
That euer was inuented for a Wretch.

Hee makes signes for a Knife to mende his Pen.

Cas. O, hee would haue a Knife to mend his Pen.

Vice. Heere, and aduise thee, that thou write the troth.
Looke to my Brother: Saue *Hieronymo*.

Hee with the Knife stabs the Duke and him selfe

King. What age hath euer heard such monstrous deeds?
My Brother, and the whole succeeding hope
Of *Spaine* expected, after my discease.
Goe beare his body hence, that we may mourne
The losse of our beloued Brothers death,
That hee may be intomb'd what ere befall:
I am the next, the neereft last of all.

Vice. And thou *Don Pedro*, doe the like for vs:
Take vp our haplesse Sonne, vntimely slaine,
Set mee with him, and hee with woefull mee:
Vpon the maine Mast of a Ship vnmand,
And let the Winde and Tide hale mee along
To *Sillas* barking, and vtamed griefe:
Or to the lothsome Poole of *Achiron*,
To weep my want for my sweete *Balthazar*,
Spaine hath no refuge for a *Portingale*.

Exeunt.

The Trumpets sound a dead March, the King of Spaine
mourning after his Brothers body: and the King of
Portingale bearing the body of his Sonne.

Enter Ghost, and Reuenge.

Ghost. I, now my Hopes haue end in their effectes:
When Blood and Sorrow finish my Desires:
Horatio murdered in his fathers Bower,
Vile *Serberine* by *Pedringano* slaine:
False *Pedringano* hang'd by quaint deuice,
Faire *Isabella* by her selfe mildone,
Prince *Balthazar* by *Belimperia* stab'd,
The Duke of *Castile* and his wicked Sonne,
Both done to death by old *Hieronimo*:
My *Belimperia* false as *Dido* fell.
And good *Hieronimo* slaine by him selfe:
I, these were spectacles to please my soule.
Now will I begge at louely *Proserpine*,
That by the vertue of her Princely doome,
I may consort my Friends in pleasing sort,
And on my Foes, worke iust and sharpe Reuenge.
He lead my friend *Horatio* through those Fieldes,
Where neuer dying Warres are still inurde.
He lead faire *Isabella* to that traine,
Where Pittie weepes, but neuer feeleth paine.
He lead my *Belimperia* to those Ioyes,
That Vestall Virgins, and faire Queenes possesse.
He lead *Hieronimo* where Orphans playes,
Adding sweete pleasure to eternall dayes.
But say *Reuenge*, for thou must helpe, or none,
Against the rest, how shall my hate be showne?
Reuenge. This hand shall hale them downe to depest Hell,
Where nought but Furies, Bugges, and Tortures dwell.
Ghost. Then sweete *Reuenge*, doe this at my request,
Let mee be Iudge, and doome them to vnrest.

Let loose poore *Titus* from the *Vultures* gripe,
 And let *Don Ciprian* supply his roome.
 Place *Don Lorenzo* on *Ixion's* Wheele:
 And let the *Louers* endlesse paines surcease:
Iuno forgets old wrath, and graunts him ease.
 Hang *Balthazar* about *Chimeras* necke,
 And let him there bewaile his bloody Loue.
 Repining at our ioyes that are aboue.
 Let *Serberus* goe roule the fatall Stone,
 And take from *Sicripus* his endlesse moane,
 False *Pebringano* for his trectherie,
 Let him be dragde through boyling *Acheron*.
 And there liue, dying still in endlesse flames,
 Blaspheming Gods, and all their holy names.

Revenge.

Then haste we downe to meete thy **Friends and Foies:**
 To place thy Friends in ease, the rest in woes:
 For heere, though Death hath end their miserie,
 Ile there begin their endlesse Tragedie.

FINIS.



